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GRACE LANYON'S BETRAYAL;

Or, The Man Who Vanished.

By WELDON J. COBB.

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CHAPTER V.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

"Grace, it is gone—my pocket book. I have lost it, some one has stolen it!"

In dismay Eva Dare spoke the words. In consternation Grace halted, looking ruefully at her companion's startled face.

It was the first time Eva had been in the great city. This was a cheerless welcome for the innocent, inexperienced girl, inured to quiet village ways and a peaceful home life.

Malden, Heart's Content, were now things of the past. Slowly Grace had recovered from her fit of sickness, and now, two weeks after her return to consciousness, the two girls, now warm friends, almost sisters, stood in the heart of the city, alone and—penniless.

Grace carried a satchel filled with a few articles of wearing apparel belonging to Eva. Her little friend had managed to get together not quite $30 when they started from Malden. She had paid their railroad fare, and when they had arrived at their destination late in the afternoon they had bought a meal at a restaurant. Then they had gone back to the railroad depot. Grace had disposed of Eva in a comfortable rocking chair near a blazing grate fire in the waitingroom, and had gone away on some business of her own, telling her companion that she would return in an hour.

That return had brought sadness and anxiety to her tender-hearted friend. Eva had glanced only once at Grace's anxious, colorless face to read there the deepest distress and disappointment.

"What has happened?" she asked at once.

"The worst, Eva, dear," responded Grace dejectedly. "It seems as though everything is against us. All along I have felt how happy I would be to repay you out of a little store I had in the city—how I would get some pleasant boarding house where we would be comfortable, with time to look about and obtain just the work we liked most. Now that is impossible. My little savings are gone."

"Gone!" repeated Eva, blankly.

"Yes."

"How is that, Grace?"

"I had, as I told you, nearly a hundred

dollars I had left with the firm I worked for here in the city."

"Yes, Grace."

"I went to the old millinery rooms to find them vacant. The firm had failed. The proprietors had fled from the city, the creditors had seized everything, leaving no money."

"Oh, Grace, how unfortunate!" murmured Eva. "Never mind dear," she brightened up instantly. "I have still a little money left. We will moderate our ideas of comfort, and find some neat place where we can be pleasantly economical until we get some more money."

So they comforted themselves by looking on the bright side as far as possible. It was nearly dusk when they stumbled, they were quite dazed when they momentarily sought the shelter of a doorway, the entrance to an old, roomy mansion apparently deserted dwelling. They had been looking unsuccessfully for a cheap room, and had therefore been compelled to traverse a good part of city.

It was here that Eva discovered the loss of her money. Grace felt her heart sink. It seemed as though disaster after disaster continued to crowd into their unhappy lives since Grace's death. The serious prospect before them almost stunned her. She sank to a cold sill down, thinly lined hard, wondering what it was best to do.

Eva looked delightfully relieved to see a doorway. She shivered at the chill in the atmosphere, and crowded closer to her silent companion.

"You must not stay here, dearie," exclaimed Grace, in a motherly tone, slightly changed. "It will be some hardship, but you are still in some measure fortunate. You have like a tender flower in this harsh inhospitable city. Surely I can find some of my old work girl friends who will give us shelter and rest for a night. I must be better and rest for a night. I must be better and rest for a night. I must be better

akin to the story he had told and the singular happenings of that eventful day.

"The oldest man in the world?" repeated Grace vaguely.

"Yes," assented Vassar. "The person you saw in a glass case is a venerable patriarch among his people, and his people are known for their longevity. This man, Partello, is said to be over one hundred and twenty-five years old. I presume there is no one living in the world today of a greater age."

"But the glass case, his strange surroundings—it is bewildering, it baffles me," murmured Grace.

"I am going to tell you all. I must do so in order that you may understand the details of the case, that you may intelligently cooperate with me. Partello has been brought from Avillo because his evidence is needed in this country in a very important case. He is a sole witness. At the right moment his testimony will send a man to the gallows, unless he makes restitution in the matter of a great theft, unless he rights a great wrong. I have named to you Zimene. He is the Prince of Avillo. I have told you of the servant and of young Basil. This group has come from their far country to find a certain man."

"A man who has robbed them?" surmised Grace.

"Yes. They know him as Cardona. This man was an adventurer, who came to Avillo some years ago. He worked up a revolution. He deposed the father of Zimene, who is dead now. The usurper is now on the throne. Cardona stole the royal crown of Avillo. It is believed that he had it or cast it away somewhere in this country. In case Zimene could recover that revered relic of his race, he would be made their king. He and his friends have come to this country to locate Cardona, to hunt him down, to force him to restore the crown."

"It may be lost."

"Then he must tell where it is. In Avillo he was one of a party of miscreants who murdered four visiting Americans. When we have conveyed Cardona, and we are close on his trail now, we will threaten to take the witness of that brutal murder, old Partello, to the authorities, and prove Cardona to be an assassin, if he does not agree to put up in repossession of the lost crown of Avillo."

"But the old man in the glass case?" questioned Grace.

"They have had to bring him all the way from South America," continued Vassar, "shut up in a veritable bottle, containing chemicals that create an air similar to that of his native land. Should he be removed from that and exposed to the natural air of this country, he would die instantly. I had a friend of my own faith and people in Avillo," continued Vassar, "who sent these people to me. I have agreed to assist them. Their servant, Joseva, has a large amount of ready money, and already they have paid me liberally, but in case they are successful in recovering the stolen crown I am to receive the enormous reward of $100,000. If you assist me, you shall receive one-tenth of that amount."

"But how am I to assist you?" inquired Grace in wonder.

"That you shall know later. I have a plan in mind already. For the present, you must attend to your friend Eva. In a day or two I will tell you of my projects. Do not fear. Your efforts in our behalf shall not bring you into any danger. Your mission may be a distasteful one, but you will be doing good work and aid in unmasking a scoundrel."

"This man, Cardona?"

"Yes."

"But how——"

"Ask me no more now," insisted Vassar. "You shall know all in due time."

Grace went to the room where Eva lay, her mind in a maze. All that had been related that day seemed unreal, like some strange dream. It seemed incredible that a few short hours had dissipated all her thoughts of a hard, humdrum life of labor and had plunged her into the midst of a plot that seemed like some romance of fiction.

She knew not what dark, sinuous course might lie before her. She had faith in old Vassar, however. She sitted his desolation. She believed that his motives in assisting the strange group from South America were right motives, and she decided to place herself in his hands and work out the destiny presented to her.

"For Eva's sake!" she murmured. "It means comfort and care in the present. If Mr. Vassar succeeds, it means a competence in the future."

Eva was very ill. Grace became a constant, faithful nurse. The doctor called four times that day and the next. The third day of her illness the physician told them that the crisis in the disease had passed, and that Eva would live.

It was a great joy to Grace when, the day following, Eva was restored to consciousness. She was very frail and weak, but she was the same patient, smiling girl. Old Vassar had grown very thoughtful and tender to the poor child. He would come into the sick room frequently and bring all kinds of dainties for the patient.

A week had now gone by. One evening, when Eva lay quietly sleeping, old Vassar appeared at the door of the sick room on tip-toe and beckoned to Grace. She followed him into the outer room.

"The hour has come," he spoke impressively.

"What do you mean?" inquired Grace.

"I want you to see my friends upstairs."

A tremor stole across the frame of the young girl who had bound herself to a task of which she at present knew so little, but she smiled bravely up into the face of Vassar and placed her hand confidingly within his own.

"I am ready," she said simply, and with those words Grace Lanyon made the decision that merged her into an experience as strange, as weird and vital as ever fell to the lot of a human soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

FATE!

With a fluttering heart and a strange, nameless dread Grace followed old Abel Vassar up the stairs and into that same room where she had intruded one week previous, and whence she had seen the man in the glass case. Half-way across the apartment the old man paused.

"I may as well tell you," he said, "that the affairs of the South American have progressed rapidly since I last talked to you about them. It seems that they are now ready for action. Do not be alarmed at their strange ways. They are gentle people. Their deep interest in regaining the crown of Avillo alone makes them intense."

A moment later Grace found herself in the room into which she had once before glanced. A thrill pervaded her. As on the former occasion, there was the strange, oval glass case, within it was the patriarch whom Vassar called Partello.

Grace gazed in awe and wonder at the occupant of the glass case. It was put together in sections, and resembled the coverthe mummy cases seen in a work of art or a mausoleum. There was a half-chair, half-reclining couch within the case, and behind this was a kind of door in the case through which his food and drink were passed to him.

This strange prisoner seemed to be asleep. He was thin and dried up as a mummy, and Grace realized that he must be a very old man, indeed. The other surroundings of the room also were rich almost luxurious. There were fine rugs and draperies, divans and other exquisite oriental furnishings. Seated at a table, reading, was a tawny, flashing-eyed young man of about twenty-five. He had a quick, impetuous look about him, and showed him to be a person of some importance.

"Prince Zimene," spoke Vassar to this individual, "here is the young lady of whom I have told you. She is Miss Grace Lanyon."

The South American arose quickly and made a stately but courteous bow to Grace.

"We need friends," he said in quite good English. "Your face tells me you are a child of truth."

Grace flushed confusedly as the keen eyes of the speaker seemed to pierce her through

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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The Black Phantom;

OR, MARK ASHTON'S REVENGE.

By Ella Martin.

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CHAPTER VIII.
ROBERT'S EXPERIENCE.

THE scout did not raise to his feet on hearing the outcry over Robert's escape, but still crawled silently, though faster than before, till he was behind a large tree whose trunk hid him from view. Robert had followed his example, and now the two stood together out of sight of the Indian village.

By remaining on the ground instead of springing to their feet and dashing away, they judged rightly that Big Wolf and the squaws would think the escape was done some time before, and rescuer and rescued were by this time a good distance away. And besides, it had preserved the secret of the direction they had taken. Hal knew the Indians would first rush to the tree to search for signs of their departure, and turning to Robert he said:

"Let us take a round-about course and come out on the other side of their camp. They will give chase in the direction we soon will pick up our trail; but they may lose it long enough to give us a good start."

And so they made the circuit of the camp as silently and rapidly as possible, keeping in the shadow, but also keeping the Indian village in view. They could see the squaws, with Big Wolf in their midst, searching and gesticulating, whenever they took time to glance in that direction. And all the while the hubbub they kept up was in their ears.

Then Big Wolf found the trail after it entered the woods, and raising to his feet, he gave three sharp yells that rang through the forest, frightening the girl fugitives, and hastening the speed of the scout and his companion.

"If we should become separated," Hal said, anticipating trouble from the returning Indians, "trust all to the Black Phantom. He knows my plans and the whereabouts of the wagon train, and—"

The rest of the information was cut short by the yells of the redskins, who were returning from their fruitless search of Ben Shelton. And the consternation he found they were nearly surrounded by their enemies.

"Flatten yourself against a tree," the scout whispered. "If discovered use your knife and flee for your life. Go straight into the mountain side—the Black Phantom—"

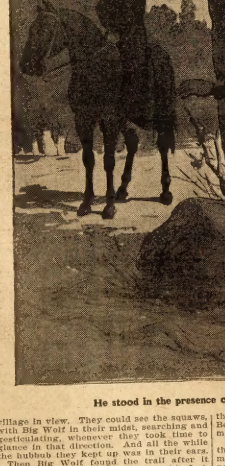
There was no time for more, the redskins were upon them. Robert did as directed, and silently attacked the nearest redskin with his bowie knife. He made the assault himself, as the arm of the foe was raised, tomahawk in hand, and he made it with such a rush that the Indian was knocked off his feet, while Robert, not stopping to see how little or how great was the damage done, sprang over him and darted away among the trees. But the action had been observed by several other members of the tribe, and two of the braves gave chase.

Hal had glided away in the shadows after a severe fight with several of his foes. He had no time to see what had become of that she had not lingered, hoping to find Ben and take him back with her to his mother?

He thought of them both when he climbed that tree; and now he was up a tree in more senses than one, for he knew he could not hope to long escape the eyes of the savages when they found his trail ceased at that spot. But we will leave him there to get out of the scrape the best way he can, while we follow Robert in his flight toward the mountain side.

He was following blindly the instructions of the scout, so far as he had received them, with his foes close behind him. There was little else to be done, and he hoped to elude them before they could overtake him. It was not difficult for his pursuers to follow him, as he was too close to run without making noise enough to be heard by them. However, their own footfalls helped to drown the noise of his, and several times he eluded them where the brush was the thickest and therefore the darkness most profound.

He was nearing the mountain now, and he wondered what would become of him, for he must soon be overtaken. He had reason to be glad that he had followed the scout's advice. He had reached a small opening where the light fell upon him, and hearing the yells of the redskins, he gave himself up for lost, for here in the open he would be a good mark. But he rushed blindly on, till suddenly he beheld a black object directly in his path, preventing his further progress—an object motionless as a statue and sable as night. The yells of his pursuers had ceased, and he vaguely grasped the idea that they also had beheld the apparition. No arrows sped after him, though the starlight swarmed down upon him, and he began to realize that he stood



He stood in the presence of the Black Phantom.

in the presence of the Black Phantom.

He was at a standstill, and was almost as immovable now as the phantom himself. He neither spoke nor stirred, nor did he glance behind at the awe-stricken Indians, who might, for all he knew, even now have a hatchet poised to send at his head.

His wonderment at sight of the sable

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horse and rider was as great as that of the superstitious and ignorant red men, and his awe was little less. For, as the reader will understand, Robert had not heard of the Black Phantom, being absent at the time of its visit to the camp of the whites. He had just begun to remember that his foes might sneak upon him from behind, when the apparition began to move, slowly and majestically, toward him. His hair seemed to raise on end, and his feet became as if rooted to the spot. He remembered now the injunction of Hal, the scout, to trust all to the Black Phantom, and this must be he of whom the scout had spoken. It could be nothing else, and he waited in silence for the horse and rider to approach him. He was more inclined to follow the scout's advice for the reasons that there was literally nothing else to do. Had he glanced behind him he would have discovered that his pursuers had silently sneaked away; he was in no danger at all from them for the present. Had he been aware of this he might have felt humiliated by his own sprinting exercise, for he felt anything but courageous as the black, silent shadow bore down upon him.

He was young, not yet one-and-twenty, and no wonder he was nearly paralyzed with fright, when a long, draped arm reached forth and seized him by the coat collar and lifted him to a seat behind. He clung there as the great black charger wheeled slowly about, and with that gyrating, silent step moved straight toward the mountain side, his own intended destination. And a moment later they rode into the mouth of a dark cavern which at once closed behind them.

He could understand now the scout's advice when he charged him to make straight for the mountain. And he could only hope that Hal had fared as well. He knew of this place, and if he escaped he would surely come. He had great faith in the scout's ability to take care of himself.

As soon as they were inside, and the stone rolled into place, Robert felt himself lowered gently to the ground. He was left standing in the darkness a few moments while the black horse led into a side cavern. Soon, however, the mysterious being who had befriended him emerged from the inner cave with a torch in his hand.

Robert stood and stared in amusement. Before him, dressed in the strangest garments, he beheld a tall, broad-shouldered man, with flowing beard and hair, which, to judge from his fresh-looking face, had turned prematurely white. Robert could not know it, but this individual was the hermit of the mountain who from the redskins called also the terrible Black Phantom that they reverenced and feared.

The man had kindly grey eyes, that could darken with hate, and a fresh face that grew as hard...on occasion, as appeared wrinkled and seamed with age. To his foes in the heaven an old man whose name in their cruelty had aged before his time; one whose heart was hard as flint in dealing with these. But he who was a man whose heart was softened by much suffering toward his kind, especially those who stood in need of his assistance. Therefore, he beamed kindly on the young man who stood awaiting his pleasure in silent amusement.

"This way," said the hermit, turning towards the stairway Ben had recently discovered. The words and the action roused the young man from the dazed state he had fallen into, and he sprang forward and caught the free hand of his deliverer.

"Oh, sir!" he exclaimed, "what can I say to you? How thank you for the service you have rendered me tonight? But for you my scalp would now be hanging from the girdle of one of those lubuhan wretches! I did not know of your existence till the scout told me to flee to the mountain, and to trust all to the Black Phantom. I scarcely understood, but I did as he bade me. And you will hardly wonder that I was nearly frightened out of my wits when I beheld you in my path, though I welcomed you, for certain death lay behind me."

Here Robert paused for breath, and the old man smiled at him reassuringly. Then his face hardened and his eyes grew dark with hate.

"Young man," he said, "if you want to repay me for the favor I did you (for I won't deny I saved your life), kill an Indian —more, if possible—as many more as you like, but one at any rate.

"I will!" cried Robert, vehemently. For just at the moment I felt very much like doing so. "I would like to kill the two who burned me alive."

"Any of them will do," the hermit replied. "Any one of them would pursue you or another to the death. If you kill the earth of one of the vermin you will do mankind a service, here!"

He turned and led the way into the cave where he had stabled the horse he had ridden, and Robert followed him on past the niche where the black steed was standing to an adjoining niche or stall. Here the hermit paused, and holding the torch on high, pointed to a shelf of hard rock on a level with his eyes.

"Do you see that long row of notches in the rock?" he demanded. "Every notch represents an Indian slain by my hand. I do not take scalps, but I keep tally. When these few hundreds of notches have grown to one thousand I shall leave this place, my vengeance appeased."

He turned back again and beckoned the young man to follow.

"I will take you to my living rooms," he said, "and offer you such refreshments as my larder affords. Meanwhile, we will decide on what is best to be done."

It was while they were ascending the stairway that Ben Beadle, who, it will be remembered, had invaded the hermit's abode, discovered and followed them.

Now, Robert had not for a moment forgotten Bessie, but he could not have served her and remained a captive in the hands of the Indians. He depended on the scout who had freed him to aid him in finding his sweetheart. For Wenona and Bessie must have left the village ere this, and hidden themselves in the woods on the mountain. But as he had become separated from Hal, and knew not if he had escaped, he determined to enlist the sympathies of his rescuer and secure his aid, if possible. He would tell the hermit the Indian girl's story as she had told it to him. He would be eager to assist him when he learned that this captive maid was without doubt his own child. He was only awaiting an opportunity to broach the subject when Ben rushed in upon them and exclaimed:

"Where is Bessie? Robert Hamlin, have you deserted her?"

CHAPTER IX.

ALONE ON THE PLAINS.

We will now return to the scout whom we left up a tree, cursing his folly for being so stupid as to let himself be cornered, as he would be if once he was discovered and surrounded. He might kill his foes by the dozen, but eventually his powder and ball would give out, and there would still be Indians to cut off his line of retreat. He could only hope that they would pass him in the darkness. This he believed was likely to happen, but he knew red men well enough to be sure they would turn back and search the ground they had just the trail, and search until it was found to end beneath his place of refuge.

He intended to slip down and try to escape as soon as they were all safely past, for he must not risk being taken prisoner when so much depended upon his safety. He could hear the Indians in every direction, but his departure now would be premature; and so he waited.

A few moments passed, and not hearing the sounds he desired he descended silently to the ground, and crept away in the direction of the last dying grumble of the emigrants. Now that he had eluded the Indians, he thought it best to look for Ben once more before he left, for he was safe for awhile. The redskins would go back to the tree to pick up the trail, and meanwhile he might accomplish much. If Ben was not to be found there by this time there would be no use in further dallying longer. The boy must have discovered that the wagon train had gone on without him, and he would endeavor to overtake it, or perhaps he had come across the Black Phantom, whom the scout, simple-minded as he was, had lately beheld riding away from this very spot in apparent anger. But what had occasioned this wrath he could not imagine, a man, and one, too, who knew little of the nature of women.

What would have been his surprise could he have known that Hazel sat in her saddle and a rebuke for Ben Beadle, but at the moment, having ridden back to continue her search for Bessie, and Ben, he knew the scout was gone. It was well for Hal that she had done so, for even now an unseen danger threatened him.

Not many feet distant, in the shade of a clump of bushes, stood a tall, dark savage, his bow drawn, and the arrow pointed at the scout's breast. Stationary, in the shadow of a clump of trees stood Hazel Rockingham, mounted on her pony. She had seen the Indian rise from the ground where he had come into the open where the camp had been. It was light enough for the scout to be on his guard for the redskin, and for Hazel's chance for an aim at the savage was not so good, though her hand was as quick, and her pistol was leveled simultaneously with the arrow. But her heart had leaped to her throat and her hand was not quite steady.

There was only one chance for his life—only one, and that hung on the possibility of her aim being sure, and her hand quicker than that of the Indian. She fired, and all in a twinkling, and was almost fainting with apprehension of failure. What chance had she—what chance against such a practiced foe? She was woman enough to be tempted to shut her eyes when she fired, but her aim must be true or this savage of the forest, whose only thought was to kill, would take him off in fearful haste, for it only guide and protector through this wilderness of foes. She had no qualms of conscience about the deed she was committing. She had not hesitated one instant, after discovering the danger to the scout, to take aim and fire.

The bullet sped to its victim just as the arrow left the bow. One little quivering instant and it would have been too late. As it was it sped its flight a trifle wide of the mark, but merely rendered the redskin's aim less true, and saved the scout's life by a hair's breadth.

As the arrow went whizzing past, and he heard the report of a pistol, he understood the situation, but he supposed his preserver to be Bessie. Springing to his pistol in hand, for his ride he had left in a secure hiding place near his horse. Before he could take one step forward, or utter a word, the pony ridden by Hazel King dashed down him at a furious gallop, and he perceived at a glance that the horse had become frightened by the report of the weapon and was running away with her. The animal had become unmanageable and would carry her out upon the plains.

He lost no time in thought, but, mutterings unintelligible to the noise he made, or of danger to himself, he heard the yells of red men, and divined that they were in pursuit of the runaway horse and rider. He knew they would soon turn back for their ponies, when they saw the chase would be for some distance.

"My God!" he cried, as he threw himself panting into his saddle, "I must be there

(Continued on page eleven.)

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GENTLE JABS.

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Charles W. Morse is to work as a tailor in the federal prison at Atlanta. He neglected to take the right kind of a stitch in time.

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Col. Jack Chinn of Kentucky has started a new crusade. He is in favor of making it a crime for orators there to discuss politics in their pulpits. Col. Jack takes a desperately earnest view of life.

There may have been peculiar circumstances connected with that North Side case, but the husband who will kick a bed to pieces because his wife wishes to warm her cold feet on his back does not deserve to have a good, loving wife.

If Secretary Knox is wise he will be content to let Mexico take the deposed dictator of Nicaragua off his hands. A diplomatic white elephant is about the most unprofitable asset any Government can take upon its hands.

Every one admits that worry undermines the health. Every one does not know that the lack of control in temper is an effectual way to undermine the system.

There are many who think that the world will trample on them if they do not lose their temper about once a day. They think it is a sign of authority, of a high spirit, of masterful ways.

Nearly every one who has a bad temper admits the fact with pride. Many persons look upon it as rather a good thing to have, on the whole.

They think it is the mill which grinds down opposition. They feel that a constant display of it terrorizes those who may oppose them.

Women of other good qualities will feel that if they can frighten their dear ones with a show of temper they will get what they want. They use it upon husbands, parents, and friends. They do not realize that they get their way because those who love them dread to see an exhibition of their temper, and also that they compel them to adopt peace at any price.

It never enters their minds that such victory is humiliating to themselves. All they see is the fact that they got what they want.

Apart from the moral side, which is mortifying to those who look and listen, there is a strong physical side. Any outburst of temper impairs one's vitality and loosens one's control of the nervous system. The woman who says what she thinks when she is angry, after a while is not able to think when she says anything. Thought, judgment, the intelligent sifting of a situation, are not in her make-up. She has forfeited her right to them.

If every woman would analyze her physical condition after an outburst of temper, she would be astonished to find how depleted she was in blood and nerve force for a while.

In truth, she has given out an abnormal amount of vitality and force, and about trifles. She is a reckless spendthrift in health, for these qualities were given to her to combat real things, full or purpose and necessity. She has thrown them away over something that did not need one ounce of them.

The Philpot Robbery

The Mystery of a $100,000 Theft

By Paul Gray

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CHAPTER XIV.
PHIL TO THE RESCUE.

WITH the fast-ticking clock registering but two minutes to eight, and the noise above indicating that the plotters above were preparing to carry out their hellish threat against Gregg's life, an idea that seemed to make his blood run cold suddenly turn chill and stop and then as suddenly bound into feverish throbbing haste, flashed through his brain. Startled as it was by the series of exciting experiences through which he had passed during the preceding few hours and almost spent by the stifling air and enervating bonds of his present predicament, Phil, with all his youth, vigorous and energetic, leaps into activity when its powers seem temporarily spent, so Phil's brain and body suddenly bounded with animation and energy.

Over the hard, unbending steel floor, Phil rolled with a speed borne of desperation. Lying squarely on his back beside the table, on which stood the clock and the candle—already beginning to flutter as the burning wick dropped low and the fuel failed—the most superhuman strength he threw his tied legs into the air and let them rest for an instant beside the flickering flame. Then he moved them steadily along until the rope about his feet began to gnarly over the fire.

The flame instantly caught in the rope, sputtered an instant and then burned steadily. It seared his flesh, but he minded not the pain, for it was a part of his plan for saving another's life.

As the rope continued to flame, he strained at his bonds with all his strength till with a heartfelt "Ah" the strand, nearly burned through, parted and the force of it allowed him to shake his legs apart. Instantly he let them drop to the floor and then quickly stamped out the feet. He did not wait to shake out the stiffness in his joints, but once more drew his feet up to the fire.

As he did so, a glance told him he had just one more brief minute in which to work. Turning his head toward the now uncertain candlelight, he teamed back over it until he found the cord by which he was bound his hands and arms behind him.

Straining frantically, he first looked down at the haggard, helpless figure near him. A wild, desperate thought flashed over the imperiled Gregg. He seemed not to recognize the last desperate effort that was making to effect their rescue from death. Rather, his glance appeared drawn as if fascinated to the dangling instrument of death that swung above him.

"You're on your last minute, young man," a harsh voice called through the crevice above. "It's life or death now, within sixty seconds. Will ye or will ye want yer life?"

"No," came almost instantly from Gregg, in a feeble, gasping voice. Then, more piercing than before he repeated, "No, no."

"Steady, steady," whispered Phil, "keep a jiffy longer."

Even as he spoke he felt the bonds behind him give, then fall free, a gigantic wrench into which he put every last atom of his strength, he tore his hands free and to his feet. Swinging them once above his head to drive out the paining feeling which had settled into them, he leaped to the side of Gregg, and, reaching over, grasped the threatening sword from the trembling hand of the condemned man with a long-drawn sputter went out.

Almost at the same instant he felt the keen-edged weapon give way from above and slide loosely into his hand. Then, as he drew it to his side and in the darkness that had returned, felt along the blade until his hand found the hilt.

"Man," he exclaimed as steadily as his tumultuous exertions would permit, "you're saved for a minute or two, at least. I've got the sword safely away from them."

"Saved! Saved!" exclaimed Gregg in a dreamy way, "why, I've been expecting to feel that point in my breast every instant. Oh, it's too good to be true."

"Steady yourself," ordered Phil. "We've got our work cut out for us yet, but thank God, we've got our hands and feet and bodies free to do something with."

Phil knelt beside the prostrate figure of his companion, and, feeling eagerly for the straps which held his arms, quickly severed them with the sword blade. Then he drew its keen edge through the straps at Gregg's feet.

"Oh, that feels like coming out from beneath a prison," gasped Gregg, as he rolled over on his face and then back again.

"Above there, Philpot and Burley, you've been interfered with," exclaimed Phil, "and they'll be down in a few minutes to see what has happened. We must be ready for them."

So saying, Phil carefully drew the sword as a saw across the ropes which held Gregg's arms and legs. Once cut, he tore them loose and then helped the stiffened man to his feet.

"Oh, say," exclaimed Gregg as he shook himself, "this seems almost too good to be true. How in the name of Heaven did you ever do a miracle like this? Seems as if I wasn't livin', but jest dreamin'."

"Oh, you're living, all right," responded Phil as he shook himself loose from the tattered ropes which had still clung to him, "and we'll both find it out pretty soon without a doubt."

Phil thrust out his hand in the darkness and caught Gregg by the arm.

"How do you feel, anyway?" he asked, leading him toward the door in the darkness.

"A bit shaky," Gregg replied with a tremor in his voice, "but I'll try to do whatever you put me up against."

The pair were certainly a bedraggled, wretched pair. Phil's face was still blood-stained, his clothes were torn and awry and the bottoms of his trousers were tattered and burned where the candlelight had eaten through. Spots, too, were visible where his flesh had been scorched and blackened by the same flame. Wrists also showed the imprints of the flame. Yet there was a flashing glance in his eye that told of a spirit as ready as ever for purpose to fight.

"Here, take this," he whispered to Gregg, thrusting a screw-driver he drew from a pocket, into the hand of the other man. "I tried to make a show of using it up at your mother's home a while ago. I hope you can make better use of it here."

Gregg gripped the tool eagerly.

"I won't stop to think twice 'bout sticking the point o' this into one o' that gang," he blurted, "if I can't get free any other way."

"Better grab this, too," continued Phil, and he passed over his small hammer. "I'm going to use the sword, and right lustily, too."

Even as he spoke, came the rattle of a key in the door.

"Now, brace yourself," he cautioned Gregg, placing himself beyond the point to which the door would open. Phil himself took his stand where he could pounce out as soon as the door had fairly swung wide. He raised his sword high over his head, gripping the hilt with both hands.

"I'll take care of the first man," was his final whispered admonition to Gregg. "You tend to make short work

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Send your fur where it will bring the most money. Get Hides in the raw state. The East is the heart of the raw fur trade, pumping its life blood of dollars all over the world where furs are caught. This paper is full of advertisements from fur buyers. **But they ALL sell to Eastern dealers.** It makes no difference where they are—they **SELL THEIR FUR TO EASTERN DEALERS.** We are here in the East within a few miles of Canada and New York City, the world's greatest fur market, we **own our plant** and pay no rent, we do business on a **small expense** and we pay from **ten to thirty per cent. more for furs** than any other dealer. **Email or We** ask for no idle statement, but a **proven** fact. We have the **proof right in our catalogue.** Your Bank in **your own town** will tell you **we are reliable.** Send to-day **now**—for our list **free** trappers' and buyers' guide, market report and price list. This is **different from anything you ever saw,** and **costs you nothing** but the time it takes you to write for it. Do it to-day and **get more $$ for your furs.**

Cerry Hide & Fur Co.
P. O. Box No. K 27 **Cerry, Penn.**

sword into Butler's throat. The skin was barely broken ere the endangered desperado released his hold upon Gregg, rose to one knee, and growled:

"I'll quit."

Phil thought quickly in the emergency. He saw that Red Mike was still unconscious, but feeling was undoubtedly slowly stairs summoning aid, and Burley, with his giant strength, could surely impede their progress long enough to encompass their recapture. It was plain that this man, now lading slowly to his feet, must be subdued and that instantly, if Gregg and himself were to have any chances of escape.

So, on the instant, Phil grasped his strong right hand, swung his right arm back and then forward with all his force upward to his full height. In the semi-darkness, Burley failed to see the purpose of the young reporter's movements. The latter's blow landed squarely upon the massive jaw of the desperado. It was delivered with all the strength and accuracy of a professional boxer and accomplished well its purpose. Burley's eyes worked convulsively, he wabbled on his knees and then toppled over insensible upon the floor.

"Now, pal," panted Phil, grabbing Gregg by the arm and hurriedly assisting him to his feet, "we've got to get out of here in a hurry. How do you feel?"

"Not very chipper," whispered Gregg, almost gasping for breath.

"Come, follow me," ordered Phil, thrusting aside the unconscious Burley, whose clothes and pulling his companion through the doorway of the dark room and into the narrow passage leading to the door through that clamor on the stairs? That's reinforcements, I'm afraid. We're in a terrible pickle. It'll certainly mean death to both of us if they come on again."

Through the passage he plunged, Gregg at his heels. Half a dozen steps forward he struck a cross passage, and here he listened to learn from which direction Red Mike's rescuers were coming. Their noise appeared to rise from the lower floor directly ahead. So Phil and Gregg slipped into this new one, hurried along for a few steps in the darkness until Phil was dazed by striking his face into a blank wall.

Recovering, he put out his hands and felt his way each way, but found no door. Once again intervened, and on the other a half, narrower than the one through which they had just fled, presented the same appearance so Phil tried it.

His hands, scraping along the wall, struck a door and a knob. He eagerly turned the knob, but the door refused to open.

"Locked," he muttered to Gregg. "Put your shoulder against it with me and see if we can't break it in."

Twice they tried with strength united to break in the door that Phil darkly hoped might lead them to freedom, but twice it resisted all their efforts.

Phil did not dare pause longer. The noise of the rescuers was each instant growing nearer.

"Come," urged the reporter, "we can't stop here to be caught like rats in a trap. Let's see what's beyond."

And so, with Gregg clinging to his coat sleeve, he stumbled on in the darkness. Hope almost died in his heart when caught a minute ray of light marking the floor just ahead. As if impelled by some unnatural impetus, he darted forward.

A dozen steps brought him to another passage. Looking down here he saw a ray upon the floor had stolen in a heavily curtained window. Gaining toward it, he tore the curtain aside and peered out.

The window overlooked the brightly lighted street, but Phil could not by their dismay, found they were on the third floor, with a sheer drop between them and the walk and safety. At the same instant they heard the voice of Red Mike cry weakly but through the hole in the door:

"After 'em, lads, and-show 'em no mercy."

CHAPTER XVI.

DELVING INTO HYPNOTISM.

Phil tried the window, but it would not slide open. Then he tore away the curtain and felt for a bolt in the sash. There was none more annoyed than disheartened when he failed to find one.

"Nailed down," he muttered. Then he bent his head away and sent his shoulder against the window sash. The glass gave way with a crash and fell clatteringly to the pavement below.

Phil stuck his head through the opening and looked down. To his joy he saw the stone coping above the second-story windows projected several inches from the wall. The projection would undoubtedly support a man's foot. His plan of action was instantly formed.

"Now, you yourself for a dizzy climb," he exclaimed to Gregg as he forked off his coat and vaulted into a make-shift rope. "Take hold of this and help out, yourself down to the coping at the next floor. Then I'll follow his cue, and let yourself down to the window sill below. You'll be only about ten feet then. Can you walk then and you'll have to get down as best you can. But be quick."

So saying, Phil lashed his shaky companion through the window, and holding him firmly by the shoulder followed him to sink to the support of the coping.

"All right," panted Gregg, "lower away."

Phil let out the spectacular reporter and sighed in relief when he heard his comrade call up:

"I'm all right now. But look out for yourself."

Phil needed no urging, for even as Gregg's words reached him, he heard the shuffling of a number of feet in the hallway behind him, he clambered out. Clinging desperately to sash and sill, he lowered himself until his feet rested firmly on the coping below. And his eyes sank below the level of the sill ever which he had clambered, he vaguely saw the forms of three men turn the corner of the passageway leading to the window.

Poising himself carefully he swung his feet clear of the coping on which he had rested them, and as the head of Red Mike bobbed out of the broken window, he released his grip and allowed himself to fall.

With fingers firmly set, he fastened them upon the coping of the second floor. The strain was too great on one hand, which broke away. But the other held for an instant—long enough for one dangling foot to find a resting spot upon the window sill underneath.

Red Mike and a follower leaned far out over the sill above and tried to grab the treacherous reporter, but he was out of reach.

"A gun, quick," he called. "I want to take a pop at him."

But Phil, bracing himself anew, felt his way down the window frame, and, then, with feet once more firmly planted on the space for a sheer fall of fifteen feet.

He landed in his slip on the stone walk, jarred and dazed, but Gregg quickly raised him to his feet, and together they limped down the deserted, lighted street. Many bystanders had paused to look at their perilous boat, but no one sought to interfere.

In five minutes the pair had reached Phil's room.

"Here, you, He down there," exclaimed Phil, pointing to his own bed, and Gregg, utterly spent, fell over on the white coverlet.

Phil himself dropped into an easy chair and stretched his limbs out painfully before him. He looked wearily at the little clock that ticked unticingly away on the table near by. It registered twenty minutes past eight.

For nearly six continuous hours now he had been in a succession of remarkable and thrilling situations that was no wonder that nature was feeling the terrific strain. The young reporter was fast asleep.

"I promised to meet that unusual maid of the Pilpots," he said half aloud, "at eight o'clock and here it is a half-hour past that time. I wonder if she'll wait. I must see."

"Did you say you were going to see the Philpots?" asked Gregg, looking up from the bed.

"I've got an appointment with her in the park tonight."

"Mash on the girl, too. I admire your good taste."

"Oh, this is business, not pleasure," responded Phil.

"Well, you'll find her a very bright, entertaining young lady."

"How do you come to know so much about her?" queried the reporter.

"Oh, I always keep my ear a sneaked into the house up there to see mother. She's brighter than a new diamond, and sharper than a new steel trap."

"But say, did you ever notice what a queer, dreamy expression sometimes comes over her face?"

"I sure have, but I could never understand. I tried to make up to her many a time, but I guess she didn't like my stutter."

Gregg grinned as Phil, hurrying into better clothes, gave instructions for his care.

"Something else she didn't like about me, I think, too," he said. "What was it?"

"Well, I suppose it was because I'm not when I was up there a bit tipsy and she didn't go a-hiding her chip nor face hand and give me a push that sent me to the floor. She's a girl that won't stand for no loose fooling," continued Gregg, "and I'll bet she'll be looking out."

"If we got more serious business in hand tonight than dancing to any young woman's whims," replied Phil. "The mystery of the Philpot diamond is still unsolved, although we certainly know where they are, don't we?"

"You think what Red Mike dug out of the floor in that steel room tonight was really them, do you?" asked Gregg.

"Unquestionably," responded Phil, "but the puzzle is how he got them. I have my suspicions and that's why I'm anxious to see Miss Price, the maid, tonight to learn if she can't corroborate them."

"Do you suspect her?" inquired his companion.

"Not directly," was the answer, given slowly and ponderingly, "but I'm sure she had some hand in it. I'm sure, in fact which I propose to uncover tonight."

"But why don't you call in the police and hand Red Mike's plans as to the Philpot jewels?"

"And allow the police to reap all the glory for the job when it properly belongs to the paper the Star? Not much. We'll finish this little scent up alone and we'll do it tonight."

"But Red Mike is likely to find a new hiding place for the jewels if you wait too long."

"He doesn't think that we saw those sparklers when he opened his strong box a while ago. He doesn't know I pull with the police can save him any raid. No," continued Phil as he put the finishing touches to his toilet, "those gems will stay where we saw them put until they are turned over to the young woman, by—" Gregg looked up incredulously, but Phil vouchsafed no further explanation. Instead, he went on:

"You remain here and get a rest. Try some of my cigarettes. Make yourself look respectable again and wait till I return. I'll be only about two hours. Then we can have some sharp work for you to do then."

Without waiting for a reply, the reporter put on his hat and hurried out. Less than a half-hour's subway ride took him to Central Park. Alighting from the underground train, he walked rapidly toward the Terrace, the run sought the rendesvous near the reservoir which he had appointed with the maid.

A glance at his watch, seen by the electric light, showed him it was nine o'clock. He looked carefully through the paths and over the benches in search of the maid, and was on the point of giving up the hunt when he heard subdued voices. Following this clew he came to a spot where, screened by underbrush, he saw a man and a woman, sit in low but earnest conversation, on a seat set back from the path and partially hidden by thick foliage. He could not see their faces in the gloom, but he instantly recognized the low tones of the woman as those of Janet Price.

(Continued on page ten.)

FREE TREATMENT

My Offer of Dec. 4 in The Chicago Ledger Brings So Much Joy.

In the December 4th issue of The Chicago Ledger I made the following offer: that I would give 500 Catarrh Treatments absolutely free of charge to be distributed among the readers of The Chicago Ledger. This offer has been received with so much satisfaction, and many grateful letters have come to me from it, that my heart is filled with joy.

Therefore, I have decided to repeat the offer and ask making it this announcement: *I will give away, absolutely free of charge, six more of my famous Catarrh Treatments* that treatment which I have proved to be the best that was ever formulated for Catarrh and filled ailments that treatment which has cured thousands of Catarrhal cases, after everything else has failed.

Now, Reader, this is your chance. If you have got to do is to take the treatment and see the wonderful results. After its use, you will feel livelier, brighter and better in every way. Your nose will be clear, your foul breath will gradually leave you, the nauseous succession of colds, the crusts in your nose, that bad taste in the mouth mornings, dull, headachy feeling in your forehead, constant desire to clear your throat, all these will vanish. They will go one by one, some faster, some slower, but all equally certain, and once more have that joyous, lively feeling, same as you had in the days of your youth, free from all care and pain.

A PRESENT FOR YOU

Remember, I make this offer of a free gift, wholly from my desire to do you good. I want no money for it, now or later, and am under obligation to me whatsoever.

Now, Reader, here is the opportunity of a lifetime; let it slip and you may never have such another. Don't delay—don't wait—but write today. Send a postal card or your name and address in a letter, and you will have, at these famous Threefold treatments by return mail.

Address Catarrh Specialist Sproule,
306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

150 COLD BACK POST CARDS FREE
SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND 10 CENTS TO COVER POSTAGE.
IDEAL POST CARD CO., Dept. 1, Iowa City, Iowa.

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY and make $2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and practical dissections. Positions free. The Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.

Be A Railroad Man
Earn $90 to $150 a month. Many needed. Instructive Book free. Write today. Name position you want. Thousands of graduates. We teach you in your spare time by Mail like a resident school. Address nearest office. This is the Official Railroad School. Write today. Wrenche Ry. Cor. School, Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.; Dept. 1, Buffalo, N. Y.; Dept. 1, Toronto, Ont.; Dept. 1, Winnipeg, Man.

YOU CAN STOP DRINKING
Is now easily done through our method. Simple home-treatment. Correspondence confidential. Addr. E. Fortin, Chicago, Ill. Dickey Bldg. H 33

Join a Brass Band
Here is your opportunity to enter the band business on easy terms. We will send you the greatest bargain ever offered and our great free brass band offer. Just write a postal for full address. Write to-day. It'll cost you nothing.
Lyon & Healy, 31 Adams St., Chicago

MORPHINE
Before you pay a cent for any cure you want to see Dr. Tucker's book on Morphine, Laudanum, Opium or any other drug habit.

A WOMAN DOCTOR.

Was Quick to See That Coffee Was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuralgic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110. I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day a woman doctor told me to use Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned.

"So I began to drink Postum and I gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and continued to gain, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough to get the coffee poison out of my system.

"Since I began to use Postum I can gladly say that I never know what a neuralgic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that made me well. Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and could not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Made-in-Britain Joke.

"Yess," drawled the English visitor to the club, "over in our country we never go into a Turkish bath after a meal."

"That must be a London Punch joke," laughed one of the club members. "You would hardly expect to find a meal in a Turkish bath."

"By Jove, I don't know. I have often heard of chaps who go into Turkish baths and over 'eat themselves."

Does It Really Grow Hair?

Bald Heads Everywhere Proclaim the Success of Hair Specialist's Discovery.

If the word of thousands of people who have had a free supply of the wonderful hair treatment which is being distributed by William Charles Keene, president of the Lorrimer Institute, is any evidence, there is ample promise that bald heads may eventually become a rare sight. The results from the use of this remedy are truly wonderful. Mr. Keene says that all applications for free trial outfits will be filled by prepaid mail from Branch 456 Lorrimer Institute, Baltimore, Md.

Alas! Too True!

"Life with us is very uncertain," remarked the wise bird. "We fly high today, and tomorrow we are roosting on some woman's hat."

"Same with us," rejoined the philosophical codfish. "We are in the swim today, and tomorrow we are rod-liver oil or codfish balls."

WOMEN SHOULD KNOW THIS.

Have you tried various remedies for diseases peculiar to our sex? Suppositories and douche are mostly cocoa butter, olive oil or other fats. They can't cure you. Medical Science has discovered that these fats and oils prevent the action of the medicine. You should know why. I want to explain it to you. I want you to try a remedy which will cure—which contains no oils or fats—just pure medicine that acts quickly and surely. I will send a liberal trial free, and the explanatory booklet absolutely free. Address Ella Howard, Box 456, South Bend, Ind.

Time to Go.

Mr. Staylate—I hear your mother's step on the stairs, and I shall be able to bid her good night.

Sleepy Beauty (wearily)—It can't be mother. She's a late sleeper. Probably it is the girl coming down to start the fire.

No More Drunkenness.

To the Editor:—Please tell your readers that if they will read my advertisement in this issue, and write to me in accordance with same, they need have no further worry about excessive liquor or beer drinking in the family. I specially invite those who have tried various remedies without success. DR. MARY E. WEBB.

Had It Reasoned Out.

The Visitor—You said you thought there was no malaria in the second here.

The Farmer—I did think so. After all the summer boarders took away last year, I didn't see how there could be any left.

How to Get a Big Mail.

The publishers and manufacturers of the country are anxious to get names of people, so they can send papers, samples and catalogues to them. The Agents' Director List of Indiana, Pa., publish a little book every three or four months. This book has hundreds of names and addresses in it. You can have your name published in this Agents' Directory for only 50 cents in stamps, and you will get many times the cost in the value you receive in the way of free samples and mail. Just send 10 cents in silver or stamps to the Agents Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

He Had Suffered.

'Mrs. Grouch—As the story goes, Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years.

Grouch—I wonder if his breakfast was ready when he woke up?

Sweet Past.

Will—What's the trouble? Didn't you get a chance to kiss the bride?

Harold—No! Not lately.

Good and Sufficient.

Teacher—You are late this morning, Tommy. Have you a good excuse?

Tommy—You bet I have. First buckwheat cakes and sausage of the season.

TICKLISH

His Way to Reduce Expenses.

"Jagsby had a grand cook who commanded the highest salary. Now, I understand, the poor woman has a place where she works harder than ever and barely earns her keep."

"Why doesn't she change it for a better?"

"She can't. Jagsby married her."

BIBLE HISTORY.

Teacher—And then the Lord sent the deluge to punish the wicked people, and it rained, and rained, and everybody was drowned. Do you know what happened then?

Johnny—They took up a collection for them?

Encouragement.

Reginald Pickle—There are places in the African jungles where one may enter and not be heard from for months. I sometimes feel as if I would like to hunt there.

Miss Tabasco—Oh, if you only would, Reggy!

An Expensive Production.

"You were very lavish with the snowstorm in the third act."

"Yes," explained the manager. "I thought that snow when white paper was not so high as it is now."

Wanted Something Substantial.

Eva—But why don't you share your lot with the poet, my dear? He is so delightfully romantic. He says he can feast on a sunset.

Edna—That's just the trouble. I'd want to feast on beefsteak.

Wasted Time.

Townsend—How did you like the banquet?

Beers—Oh, it made me tired; in the time I was there I could have eaten twenty meals at the dairy lunch counter.

HARD TO SUIT.

Wife—What am I to think of you, Emil! I've just caught you kissing the cook, and a little while ago you kissed the second girl!

Husband—No matter what I do, you're never satisfied!

MOVES ABOUT.

The globe-trotter, it seems to me,
Is very much like a restless flea:
He doesn't eat in one place, you see,
But takes a bite anywhere he may be.

Notice to Our Readers.

We wish to call the attention of every reader of the Chicago Ledger to the advertisement of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy, which appears in this issue. Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., the discoverer and proprietor, is a man of such character that his claims for the remedy and his promises can be relied upon in every particular.

As he offers absolutely free a trial sample of his Catarrh Remedy, it is certainly well worth the while of every sufferer to write him and give the remedy a trial, at least to this extent. It is evident that unless the remedy was a good one he could not afford to make this offer.

New Variety.

Sam Sunflower—Yo' am thinking of going away and playing policy in the East?

Pete Parsimmon—Yeah, I am thinking about going to Washington an investigating dat 'open door' policy yo' heah so much about.

INSTANT RELIEF FROM ITCH

The Itch Gone, the Skin Soothed and Refreshed—Immediately.

Instant relief from that itch.
A few drops of soothing liquid—
And the itch is gone as if by magic.
Just a drop or two of ordinary oil of wintergreen compound on the skin and no more of that torturing, endless, nerve racking itch.

Can you imagine how it will feel—that itching agony swept away in a moment?

You can know the relief if you just try the simple remedy—simplest of external liquid remedies—oil of wintergreen as compounded in D. D. D. Prescription.

We positively know that it alleviates the itch immediately—we vouch for this and guarantee it—for we have seen it used in too many cases, and the cures that follow, as far as we know, seem to be permanent.

Now if you want to relieve that itch **at once** and want a night of quiet, perfect sleep—no more itching—you should take advantage of a special 25c offer. A regular bottle of D. D. D. Prescription costs $1.00, but a special bottle can now be had on trial at only 25c prepaid. This large bottle will be sent **at once**; it may cure you right away, at any rate it will stop the itch at once. We **guarantee** this 25c offer to stop that awful itch!

But it won't 25c to stop the itch of tiredness, nervousness, or disorderly carpuscles.

Send 25c now, this special offer (stamps or silver) direct to the D. D. D. Laboratories, 81 Michigan Street, Dept. 4-51, Chicago, Ill.

His Brother's Disease.

She—Your brother is a writer, isn't he?

He—Yes.

She—What does he write for?

He—Goodness only knows. I guess it's a disease.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 886 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this and does not wish you to send him money.

The First Step.

Miss Swift—What is the first step toward getting a divorce?

Mrs. Grassweeds—First catch your husband

Stockowners Get Moving Pictures Free.

Every owner of stock can get free a set of moving pictures showing the famous horse Dan Patch in one of his wonderful speed trials. This new invention will be sent free to every owner of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs or poultry who answers the three questions asked by the International Stock Food Co. in the advertisement on page 3 of this paper. Dan Patch in action is really a thriller and every stock owner will be tickled to get one of these new inventions. It fits the vest pocket, needs no curtain or light and is ready any minute to amuse you and your friends. To get one free just answer the questions asked in the advertisement on page 3 and send your letter to The International Stock Food Company.

An Honest Tradesman.

Customer—What's the difference between those woolen mitts and cotton?

Dealer—One is half cotton, and the other is whole cotton.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless home that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes for one. Address Mrs. A. Rinhart South Bend, Indiana.

TACKLES

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, Mass. (5)

The Man He Envies.

Blobbs—Hanpeckle says he envies no man living.

Slobbs—Well, I'll bet he envies one who is dead, and that's his wife's first husband.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignotte's Roseny Cream and Skin Food removes any defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and roseliness to the cheeks. Guaranteed in two condition each strength and sent in plain wrapper. Send 10 cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 691, Bluffville, Pa.

Positively Brutal.

"They do say," remarked Smithkins, as he pushed his chair back from the dinner table, "that a woman's work is never done!"

"And they are right when they say it," rejoined Mrs. Smithkins. "But what made you think of it at this time?"

"That pie," replied Smithkins, as he dodged through the door just in time to escape a plate that was coming his way.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Real Genius.

"Was Hankly a bull or a bear in yesterday's market?"

"Why, he says he was only a monkey."

His Last Effort.

"Say," queried the party with the conundrum habit, "what is the difference between an overcoat and a baby?"

"I pass," responded the old gentleman. "What's the answer?"

"The one you wear, the other you were," replied the conundrum fiend.

And the coroner's jury voted to give the old gentleman his freedom on the grounds of "justifiable homicide."

Histrionic.

Tragedian—We had the biggest run of the season in Chicago.

Hobo—Yep. I know, dey chases all de guys offen de trains 'way out in de suburbs.

SLIGHT OMISSION.

Friend—Yes. I've looked your home-made auto over pretty thoroughly and it's fine. But haven't you forgotten to put in the engine?

Raw Amateur—Great Scott! So I have, man! Say, it's lucky for me that you happened to notice it. Supposin' we'd gotten miles from home and discovered that we had no engine to get back with?

A Winning Hand.

Fond Mamma—Johnny, didn't you hear me call you?

Johnny—All right, you win wid de ace of clubs.

Two Safe Bets.

The Bachelor—When a woman will she will—maybe.

The Benedict—Yes, and when she won't she won't—perhaps.

A Thoughtful Maid.

"Good-by for forever!" said the young man, coldly, as he prepared to depart. "I leave you now, never to return."

"Good-by," said the fair maid in the parlor scene, "but before you go let me remind you that you can telephone me in the morning ever so much cheaper than you can send a messenger—and you can buy me a box of chocolates with the difference."

Another Cut.

Larry—Is yes wolfe a Fletcherite, Denny?
Denny—Awn phwat is a Fletcherite?
Larry—Wan that chews thor food.
Denny—Bedad, no! Me wolfe is a gabberite.
Larry—Awn phwat is a gabberite?
Denny—Wan thot chews thor rag.

JUST BLUFFING.

Gertrude—Won't you have some fudge, grandpa?

Grandpa—No, thank you, I never use slang.

AGENTS WANTED

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample bicycle. Write for Special Offer. Finest Guaranteed $10 to $27
1910 Models
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1908 & 1909 Models $7 to $12
all of latest makes.
100 Second - Hand Wheels
All makes and models. $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, and allow
TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogue and offer. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. N-8, Chicago

AGENTS who want a good-paying permanent growing business address J. F. Geiger, Kedzie Bldg., Chicago, Ill

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Profits. Experience Unnecessary. Full Particulars Free. HERBERS AGENCY Co., Box 295, Sta'e L, New York

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce our well known line of guaranteed poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and address on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A

AGENTS—$15 monthly. Combination Rolling Pin, Mixer and Kneader. MISS ARNOLD, Chemist, Lightning, sellers. Sample Free. FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 899, DAYTON, O.

MEN WANTED QUICKLY By big Chicago mail order house to distribute catalogues, advertise, $21 weekly; liberal expense allowance. MANAGER, 314 Sherman Street, Chicago.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address STAR REMEDY COMPANY, X 419 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars
Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we furnish instructions. Address MIDGTOBA TOBACCO WORKS, Box 1132 DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

WE OFFER YOU A POSITION.
We want 200 men right away. Must have them and will pay good wages. We do not want a correspondence business on our capital. We want to employ 50 men with a BIG opportunity. Write today for particulars. Address G. H. GROUNDS, Manager, 1037 W. Adams Street, Dept. 6149, Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $2 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up show cards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right man. No experience required. Write for particulars.
Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont., Canada.

Fine Pocket Knife FREE
To Agents. Send No Money. Yourname and address put in handle—no extra charge.
SALESMEN make quick, big profits selling our new and improved PHOTO POCKET KNIVES
By your own business. Write us at once for good territory, making proposition and exclusive territory.
CANTON CUTLERY CO., Dept. 34 CANTON, OHIO

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee and Tea Mixers sell on sight. Needs no boiler. Any strength and flavor wanted. Saves tea and coffee, money and health. Every housewife buys at sight. New invention. Need No. 8c size of either, postpaid, or will send sample for 25c. Mention quantities and for two best selling articles ever invented. Order both, $1.00. Agents wanted.
COFFEE MAKER TEA MAKER
Dr. Lyons, 1457 Day St., Peskin, Ill.

MAKE MONEY EASY.
Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, lodge emblem, etc., on handles. Send stamp for catalog. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH.
(We show you how.)
Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write today—now! Rural money making special offer to agents. Experience unnecessary. Send for catalog and terms, or big outfit. Sharpening stones sent free. Address
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 338 BAR STREET, CANTON, O.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT
HERE IT IS
Handy Hame Fastener
A new invention to take the place of the old-time straps and buckles on horse collars. Works automatically. Don't freeze your fingers on cold mornings. Every horse owner will talk about them. Fits any hame. No straps or buckles. Simple, durable, instantly. Outwears the harness. Sent back to any customer not pleased.
Write today for FREE SAMPLE
You will make ten times more money than ever before.
Agents say stock sold out before fairly get started.
Thomas Mfg. Co., 617 Warne St., Darton, Ohio.

BIG MAIL FREE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully compiled in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST,
INDIANA, INDIANA COUNTY, PA

The Philpot Robbery.

(Continued from page seven.)

"No, I cannot, I will not," she was saying with almost a wail in her voice.

"But you must, you must," the man expostulated, "to save me."

"I'd do anything to save you but be dishonest," was the maid's reply. "That I will not be."

Then Phil was astonished to see the man turn his eyes intensely on those of the girl, and after a moment's steady, concentrated gaze, raise his hands to her face and pass them loosely before her wavering glance.

"Hypnotism, by god," whispered Phil to himself. "Just what I suspected."

Then, without waiting to see the result of the stranger's passes, the reporter burst through the underbrush, and grasping the hypnotist roughly by the shoulder, he shook him savagely, at the same time saying:

"Here, you, quit that and bring her out of it as quick as your wife will let you."

But for answer, the stranger bolted from the bench and disappeared among the foliage.

This very interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Strange things happen, read it. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so, if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

Used to Torture.

Lawyer (suspiciously)—You say the robbers hung you up by the thumbs to make you confess where your mistress kept her jewels. Of course, you told them?

Terrified Maid (suspected of being an accomplice)—Indeed I did not tell them.

Lawyer (triumphantly)—Do you mean to say to this intelligent jury that you bore the torture of being hung up by the thumbs to save the jewels of a mistress who had already discharged you?

Dressing Maid—It didn't hurt.

Lawyer—What? It didn't hurt?

Dressing Maid—No; I'm used to hanging to street car straps.

Resourceful Teddy.

Then darkness fell over Africa.
But Teddy was used to such capers;
Said he: "I need light—
To read by tonight—
Come, boy, bring me in two tapirs."

TORTURING Backache!—

(From the Chicago Inter Ocean of December 7).

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the University City of New York and the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York City, but now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very simple, quick-acting formula which has already been approved by the best doctors.

Last night Dr. Lynott read a paper on the treatment of Kidney troubles that proved a revelation to those present. Dr. Lynott was highly praised for his deeply interesting paper, but is liable to criticism for allowing his new treatment to be advertised, especially as he was advertising a free treatment on an introductory offer.

Dr. Lynott, however, explained that this free treatment offer was not so much for patients in the big cities as for the people in villages and country districts who had access only to country doctors. Many of these country doctors, Dr. Lynott explained, were not posted on up-to-date methods of cure, and in fact were jealous of the more educated physicians in cities; so to make quick work of introducing the treatment that the best doctors must recognize as the proper remedy for kidney trouble, he had decided to offer it free for the time being to people in the country. Dr. Lynott said that the free treatments would not be continued indefinitely.

That racking pain, those awful twists of the muscles, that sharp digging soreness—digging right through the bones and flesh—all day long—half the night long—pain and misery unbearable—

THEN SUDDENLY

such a relief, the back becomes straight and eased, the internal pains cease, the bones quit aching, the muscles stop twitching —health, strength, freedom from all torture—as if by magic.

That is what can and will be done for you, if **YOU** will only take the time and trouble to read this free offer carefully. It is **YOUR** loss if you do not get the treatment—it is your own self that you must blame if your torturing, twisting, digging pains do not cease. Now don't think that this is only an ordinary advertisement—it is a high grade scientific offer—a real free offer—especially for the readers of this paper, endorsed personally by the editor of this paper, and I do not want you to neglect this illness of yours one minute. I want you to get the free treatment and the free book, fully explaining your real illness. For in the first place, you must understand that those internal pains and aches (a backache that comes from an ordinary twist or exposure and lasts only a few hours is not meant by this, but the chronic aches and pains) are due to

Kidney Trouble

Either Kidney Trouble itself, or Bladder Trouble, or Uric Acid leading to Rheumatism. All these diseases go back to the kidneys, and show themselves by internal pains, pains inside and by a racking of the back.

Free Proof Treatment!

The Free Treatment

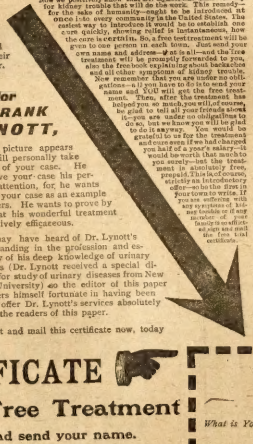
If you answer this advertisement the first time you see it and send your name. An introductory offer for those who really want to get well and who, when well, will not hesitate to tell their friends. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

Doctor T. FRANK LYNOTT,

whose picture appears here, will personally take charge of your case. He will give your case his personal attention, for he wants to take your case as an example for others. He wants to prove by you that his wonderful treatment is positively efficacious.

You may have heard of Dr. Lynott's high standing in the profession and especially of his deep knowledge of urinary diseases (Dr. Lynott received a special diploma for study of urinary diseases from New York University) so the editor of this paper considers himself fortunate in having been able to offer Dr. Lynott's services absolutely free to the readers of this paper.

Fill out and mail this certificate now, today


Now we positively know that Dr. Lynott has THE remedy for kidney trouble that will do the work. This remedy—by the sale of thousands—right in your own town, but at once lets every community feel the United States. The quickest way to introduce it, and to establish one cure quickly, whereby relief is instantaneous, here the cure is permanent. So, a free test treatment will be given to one person in each town. Just send your name and address—it is all—and the free treatment will promptly forward. Also we will give the free book explaining about backaches and all other symptoms of kidney trouble.
Now remember that you are under no obligations—you have to do is to send your name and YOU will get the free treatment. Then, after the treatment has helped you so much, you will, of course, be glad to tell all your friends about it—you are under no obligations to do so, but we know you will. We would be grateful to us for the treatment and endorsement if we had charged you half of a year's salary—it would be worth that much to you surely—but the treatment is absolutely free, prepaid. This is, of course, strictly an introductory offer—so do the free it to your case at once. Address in full Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 2768 Occidental Bldg., Chicago. If any symptoms of kidney trouble or if any member of your family is troubled at all, age and sex and send the free treatment.

*Any sick person who fails to write at once for this absolutely free proof treatment has no right to complain longer of illness. If you are seeking a cure, answer this liberal offer.—**The Editor***

Here Is a Table of the Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

READ OVER THESE SYMPTOMS

See Which of the Symptoms are Yours

1—Pain in the back.
2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5—Prostatic Trouble.
6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8—Constipation or liver trouble.
9—Pain and soreness under right ribs.
10—Swelling in any part of the body.
11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
16—Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in the nerves.
18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

It is important to state in your reply to Dr. Lynott what your symptoms are. Just as soon as the doctor receives your reply, either in a letter or on the free certificate shown below, he will send you the free treatment. Now do not miss this opportunity. Just imagine how you will feel as soon as you get the treatment. **You must** feel relief at once. So do not delay, but write a letter today stating what the symptoms are. Send this certificate at once to Dr. Lynott, Pontiac Building, Chicago.

THIS CERTIFICATE

Is Good for the Free Treatment

if you write at once and send your name.

SEND NO MONEY and remember that you are under no obligations whatever in sending your name and address. But when you do send your name and address we are under obligations to send you the free trial treatment as promised, and then, of course, as soon as you see the wonderful quick relief this free treatment gives you, you will be glad to recommend the treatment to your friends, who ought not to object to paying for the treatment when the worth of this wonderful treatment (sent free to you) has already been proved in your case. So, if you are wise, you will not delay, but will write at once for this wonderful free treatment. Write to

Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT,
2768 Occidental Building, Chicago, Illinois.

FREE CERTIFICATE

What is Your Name? .....
State plainly Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

What is Your Address? .....

What Symptoms have you? .....
Give numbers from table above—that is all.

What is your age? ..... *Married?* .....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. The FREE trial treatment will then be sent at **once, prepaid.** It will be up to you to say whether you want to recommend it, and you are under no obligations whatever. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and mail to

Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 2768 Occidental Bldg., Chicago

Prof. Samuel's Phenomenal Method Heals Like Magic

HIS PECULIAR SYSTEM of HEALING CAUSES ENMITY OF DOCTORS

Arrested Many Times.

But Acquitted by Juries and Judges and Permitted to Continue in a work That He Alone Can Do, as He Is the Only Man in the World Using His System—Patients Make Startling Statements of His Successful Method of Treating Consumption, Bright's Disease, Kidney Trouble, Blindness, Fits, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Cataracts, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, Hay Fever and Many Other Diseases That Baffle the Skill of the Ordinary Physician.

WICHITA, Kas.—The almost miraculous cure of hopeless invalids made by Professor Samuels of Wichita, Kas., have been of such a startling character that they have aroused widespread wonder, admiration and curiosity. Time and again he has taken cases pronounced hopelessly incurable by the medical profession and restored the patients to life and health in a most phenomenal manner.

There is considerable mystery attached to Professor Samuels' method of accomplishing these marvels, and it is known that he does not use the drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon. He claims to have discovered in his forty years of practice, that a certain law of nature has peculiar properties heretofore unsuspected, and that by the application of this law, there is no disease he may not cure. And it is a matter of proof that with the mysterious system this discovery gives him, he has made the blind see and the lame walk. He has revived the flickering spark of life in bodies on the very verge of the grave, and restored to health men and women given up to die by doctors and specialists.

Professor Samuels can point to note several years ago by his almost miraculous cure of "Blind Joe," of Topeka, Kas., who was well known to that city, having sold peanuts and popcorn on the streets there for years. He had been blind for ten years and had exhausted all known means of science to be cured, but had given up in despair until he fell into the hands of Professor Samuels, who effected a cure.

Professor Samuels has been arrested many times for practicing his system without having a diploma. On being interviewed a few days ago relative to his many arrests, Prof. Samuels said:

"Yes, I have been arrested many times for practicing without a license, but in no case have I been convicted. Naturally, the medical profession are jealous of my success and are fighting me most of the time, but how can they possibly convict me? Do you suppose any jury, when my patients come into court as they did at Alva, Ok.; Newkirk, Ok.; Ponca City, Ok., and other towns, and tell how I have cured them of all manner of troubles, do you suppose for a minute that any jury hearing these people and seeing with their own eyes what I have accomplished, is going to convict me? My trial at Alva was before a very able judge, Judge Dunn, who is now Chief Justice of the state of Oklahoma; after hearing the evidence for and against me, I was acquitted. At Newkirk I was tried before Judge Hainley, a very able judge. Judge Brown, a noted lawyer, was the prosecuting attorney, and fought the case very hard, but I was acquitted. These persecutions were brought because I have no license. Being the discoverer and only practitioner of my system of healing, how am I to have a diploma? It is absurd to myself, and the medical profession trotting along in the same harness as half a century, too blind to accept my discovery, which accomplishes actual results, make it impossible for me to procure a diploma or a representative of any of the recognized schools. So what am I to do but to proceed in my own way to perform cures that astound humanity?"

The professor here laid before the reporter a reprint from the court records showing the proof of his assertions that the court had not convicted him.

Professor Samuels is a remarkable man Bright, alert, progressive and although 60, he is straight and active and gives one the impression that he is much younger. He talks with such an earnest conviction and enthusiasm of his work that the listener must believe him and believe in his work.

"What is the nature of your treatment?" was the next question.

"That is a secret that has taken me many years of my life to perfect. I can only say that my results are obtained treating all diseases through the eye. I cure by dropping a colorless liquid which I prepare into the eye. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, epileptic fits, nervous prostration are cured in this apparently miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating over bodily ills, based on the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but I back up my claims by results."

Thereupon the professor placed before the reporter his "Message of Facts," affidavits and letters in great numbers, many of them from responsible and well-known people, all bearing on his statements.

This proved that Mr. Frank Hoff, now in business at 249 North Main street, Wichita, Kas., had been given up to die of consumption. He had been treated by the greatest specialist in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was some seven years ago when he had tried everything else without avail, that he came to Professor Samuels and was cured. He is a strong, strong man and weighs 240 pounds now, and when called upon by the reporter, stated that he owed his life to Professor Samuels.

Another noted case of consumption was the case of Mary Agnes Selden, 1820 East Murdock avenue, Wichita, Kas. Several years ago she came to Kansas from New York on account of ill-health. However, she began to decline, and tried numerous physicians, who said she had consumption. After she had practically lost all hope, her case was taken by Prof. Samuels, who cured her. She was seen by a reporter, and she told of her remarkable cure. On her cheeks was the blush of health and her step was elastic. By her appearance none would suspect that she, a few weeks before, had been given up to die of consumption.

Mr. I. W. Shufelberger, living seven miles northeast of Wichita, who was almost blind and deaf, was led by his daughter to the offices of Prof. Samuels. He was suffering a great deal of pain from his eyes. Prof. Samuels restored his eyesight after three weeks' treatment. He goes everywhere unattended and transacts his business and writes almost as well as he ever did in his life. After being entirely deaf in one ear for twenty years, he can hear the tick of a watch.

Miss Ida Garrison, who resides at 963 Roberts avenue, Wichita, Kas., was very low with tuberculosis and pronounced so by their best authority. She tried all sorts of climate and the very best of doctors on lung trouble and was pronounced incurable by all. I took Miss Garrison under my treatment about seven years ago and she treated about nine months and is now in perfect health.

Mr. W. B. Smiley, of Fairview, Dane county, Oklahoma, had doctored for years for rheumatism, but with no avail. Mr. Smiley could not even stand straight, could not straighten his hands or raise his arms. He had to be fed and dressed. Mr. Smiley placed himself in the hands of Prof. Samuels and within thirty days his hands began to limber up, and within three months he was in such condition that he was able to work on his farm. The people of his home town think that a miracle has been performed on Mr. Smiley, but his cure is simply due to the Prof. Samuels' secret treatment through the eye.

Mr. B. R. Robey, who resides at 816 East First street, Wichita, Kas., brought his mother, Mrs. P. Spidal, to Wichita to be treated by Professor Samuels. She was unable to move hand or foot, she was even unable to speak. Her case was paralysis. Physicians had given her up and considered her case hopeless. She was brought into Wichita on a cot and taken in an ambulance to the home of her daughter. She is now entirely well.

Mr. James C. Brazier of Manchester, Ok., had what was pronounced to be a very bad case of tuberculosis. After trying numerous physicians he finally decided his case in the hands of Professor Samuels, and is now cured. Anyone doubting this can write to Mr. Brazier.

The little 7-year-old daughter of G. W. Newcum, one of Kay county's most prosperous farmers, was afflicted with epileptic fits. Mr. Newcum says that his little daughter had been suffering with this supposedly incurable disease every since she was a year old, and had tried almost every conceivable thing for relief, but to no avail until he went to Professor Samuels a year ago in Alva. The professor told him he had cured epileptic fits before, and could do it again. Professor Samuels immediately began treatment through the eye, and the little girl has never had any symptoms of the trouble since. Mr. Newcum says she is now as sound and well as any child could be.

"Is it necessary for your patients to come to see you to be treated?" was asked. "No, I have proved that my treatment can be cured treat by mail. Many of my patients come to see me, but it is not necessary. I send my medicine to patients by mail, and, in fact, am as successful in treating that way as though the patients were right here. To people from a distance who write me, I send an interesting book to fill out. In this way I am enabled to send them the treatment properly prepared with full directions for using."

"I should think with your ability to cure, you would be in a position to demand big money from your patients," remarked the reporter. "I do not take but little now. My charges when the patients called on me in person used to be pretty high. I am getting old, and I feel it my duty to spend in my last years to place my discovery in the hands of the poor as well as the rich. I believe that all the afflicted and distressed of as many people as possible should be benefited by my discovery. I want all humanity, no matter what race or nationality nor where they live, to benefit by my life's work. On this account, I have reduced my charges so they are within reach of the poorest. I have arranged so that anyone who is sick, no matter how poor they may be,

"My greatest aim in life from now on will be to relieve suffering and cure by humanity, and when death shall claim me, I have arranged so that my secret will not die with me, but will be known, so that men in all ages to come will reap the reward of my life's work."

Everyone who is sick, no matter what their trouble may be, should write Professor Samuels, room 62 Golden Eagle Bldg., Wichita, Kas., for his "Message of Facts" and they will find something in it of interest to them.

The Black Phantom.

(Continued from page five.)

before them! She must not be left to face the danger alone. She, for her, for her in saving my life she would have been safe!

"Alone at last! Alone in the mountains, with those blood-thirsty devils on her trail!"

It was moonlight now, and he rode like the wind across the mountain, out toward the open country, whither Hazel's horse had headed. He could see nothing of the fugitive, but a speck in the distance, though he could not tell what it might be, but it was in the course he had taken.

He put on he sped over the prairie, keeping the dark object in view, and now, as he gained on it, it grew larger and larger, and presently he knew him like the wind.

"It is not Hazel!" he gasped a moment later, as he grasped his rifle with a firmer grip. "Not Hazel, but a horseman. An Indian from the Agency, likely. Oh, Shannon! Oh, good fellow! If it is an enemy you have to deal with, you have a rifle ball. That is right, Shannon! There!"

He was within range now. A moment more and he could see the Indian pony (for such he recognized it to be) would have been empty, for Hal was a good shot even at that distance. But some instinct warned him not to be too hasty. Something told him that the occupant of the saddle stayed his hand in the nick of time. He lowered his rifle, and the pony came on at a gallop for the present, at least. For a cloud obscured the moon, and when at last it again emerged from behind it, the prairie was barren of any object whatever. This greatly puzzled the scout, for he had not slackened his speed, nor changed his course. He was forced to the conclusion that a devil in the prairie had hidden the fleeing horseman from view. It was Hal's belief that whoever the horseman might be he was following Hazel King; for what purpose he could only guess. It all depended on whether he was friend or foe.

As for Hazel, the moment the shot which was to save the scout's life was fired, and her horse dashed away, frightened at the report of her pistol, she had thought of nothing so much as whether she had slain the Indian in time to save the life of their friend and guide.

"God grant it may be so!" she breathed, as she held on to the reins, trying to slacken the speed of the frightened animal. But the pony had the bit between his teeth, and sped away from the spot where he had received his fright as straight as the crow flies.

"Whoa Dan! Whoa, good boy!" she said coaxingly, stroking her pony's neck. "Oh, I hope the arrow did not reach him! Whoa, Dan! Oh, if I only knew he was not harmed! What if he should be lying there dead with the arrow in his breast, and I cannot tell him!

"Oh, Dan! be quiet, do! Turn round and bear me back to him! He may need help sorely!"

The continued stroking seemed to quiet the nerves of the maddened animal. More over, he was nearly winded, and very soon his speed slackened perceptibly. But when she endeavored to turn his head about, she found it impossible to budge him.

"Oh, Dan!" she moaned helplessly, "we must go back!—we must!"

The pony came to a dead standstill, and Hazel began to realize that they could not return at once. Her horse was played out, and he must rest and be refreshed.

She herself was trembling like an aspen leaf, and her limbs felt weak and cramped. She slipped to the ground and began to move about, while she tried to induce the horse to crop the short, fresh grass, disputing breaths and heaving sides told only too plainly that no more could be expected of him at present.

"Poor Dan! You are only a pony (a very foolish one to run away because I fired from your back), and your master is so brave. Oh! If I only fired in time! There wasn't a second to lose, and I did not delay. But his arrow was ready to leave the bow! It may have been too late. My aim was sure. I knew that. I saw him fall dead. But more I could not see because of Dan's taking to flight. But did I slay the Indian in time to save the white man?

"It was the life of one or the other, and I shall never forget that I fired in the nick of time; for the one lived but to do evil, while the other was now engaged to save his Hal! Wilson been the means of saving"

And Hal, the scout, was at that moment the busiest man in the world, where he shot stood beside her pony, and presently her eyes, grown used to the darkness, may be had saved, and the debt he owed her was therefore paid.

Hal had known it all, the rescuer nearing her from the rear, and the danger that awaited her in front, and her first thought would have been that her effort to save him had not been in vain. She had forgotten, the moment danger menaced him, that her indignation had been roused against him. And the knowledge of it had not come back to her. The same had been the case with Hal. He had not understood it very well, anyway.

Now that Hazel was forced to wait till her horse had rested, she lifted her eyes and gazed about her. If there was only a brook somewhere near that she might give Dan a drink! She caught sight of a low place of ground on which grew stunted trees and bushes. It looked as if there might be water there, and she led the horse, which already seemed somewhat refreshed, in that direction. There was a low spring near a clump of alders, and after bathing the pony's palm of her hand, she let the pony slake his thirst.

And now that there was nothing more for her to do, she surveyed her surroundings with a new interest. And for the first time she realized in all its completeness the fact that she was all alone on the plains. And added to that was the knowledge that she was lost. Lost, unless guided by her pony's instinct could take her back over the way she had come, was not a way of accomplishment. For now it was night.

Her heart failed her, for she was only a girl, after all. Never before had a moment did she wish she had not ventured away from the wagons.

"I wonder if they have missed me," she murmured. "It must be so; they have surely found out that I am gone. I am a trouble another anxiety to the minds of the campers."

Then a vision of a pale, set face turned up to the night sky—a face on which the silvery moonlight shone—there in the grass, where the late camp had been, made her start and look hastily behind her.

"We must try to go back, Dan. We must surely—you are rested now. We will go slowly, very slowly, and go we must. I wonder how far it is, and if we can find the way."

She mounted, and was about to turn her horse's head in the direction whence she had come, when she saw a horseman approaching her. She saw at a glance that they were Indians. She guessed rightly that they had been in pursuit of her, and having missed her in the darkness had gone on beyond, but had given up the search and were now returning. If they saw her she was lost. It was useless to flee, as she would be speedily overtaken. Her pony was never much good, and was no longer fresh.

"Oh, for the steed that the Black Phantom rides!" she gazed wildly around.

The moon was under a cloud at present. If she could conceal herself behind the clump of willows before it shone forth again, she might possibly escape observation. She rode cautiously toward the spot, but Fate was against her; the moon sailed out from behind the erstwhile friendly cloud and discovered her to her enemies.

With a savage yell they rode down upon her, and she, whirling, drew her evolver, prepared to give battle.

(Continued next week)

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Boys' & Girls' Corner

Rifle and Cabin;

Or, Carl and Roger in the Wilderness

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLDUP.

THE excitement that followed the fall of Sim Turner, the giant backwoodsman, at the shooting match at Tumble-in camp is described. Men for a moment seemed paralyzed by Jackstraw's act, and the forest waif appeared to be numbed by his audacity.

As for Turner he was not dead. The ball had grazed his temple, from which blood came in a stream, the sight of which did not tend to lessen the excitement.

Carl and Roger looked at the boy, who stood nearby with the still smoking weapon. Jackstraw made no effort to escape.

Suddenly there was a cry of vengeance which seemed to shake the firmament.

"Kill the boy!" cried the men of the wilderness. "It's the same one that stirred up the fuss at the last match. It's the wilderness waif."

Not until then did Jackstraw seem to realize his danger.

He was on the eve of flying from the dangerous locality when someone darted forward and seized him by the arm. In another moment the boy was dragged toward the crowd.

"They'll kill Jackstraw!" said Carl to his friend. "Has the boy no friends in this crowd?"

By this time Sim Turner had got upon his feet, a sorry spectacle, and was gnashing his teeth as he glared at the boy.

"Let me at him!" he hissed. "I'll make short work of him!"

"Jackstraw shall have a fair trial," said Carl, as he stepped forward and deliberately planted himself at the side of the prisoner lad. "I have no doubt he has been imposed upon because of his helplessness, and it's no more than right that he should have a fair hearing."

"I'm with you, Carl," declared Roger, as he went forward and halted where his companion stood.

The mad men of the wilderness seemed taken aback by this action on the part of the boys.

There was every prospect of more bloodshed when there came into view at the top of the hill a party of Indians dressed in their gaudiest garments. From the first they commanded attention and as they came forward all eyes were fastened upon them.

Bluebird, the Sioux girl, uttered a little cry, for she recognized the strongest red man her father. The Sioux came on till they reached the crowd of whites and there they halted, surveying the party keenly and with much hautiness.

"Who has struck the man?" asked one of the young braves as he threw a swift glance at the target in the clearing.

"That boy yonder," replied Turner, and the speaker pointed doggedly at Carl.

"Has the white boy clubbed the men?"

"That's what he has," exclaimed old Shanka, in whose wagon, as the reader will recollect, the wounded man had been carried of the shooting match. "But there's a rumpus on hand!"

Just then the Indians seemed to take in the situation. They saw Carl and Roger guarding Jackstraw, and their glances were visible on the faces of Sim Turner and his friends.

"What has the white boy done?" asked Bluebird's father, as he drew himself up haughtily and stepped forward.

"For one thing he tried to kill me," roared out Turner. "The mean little whelp actually shot me in the head, and for nothing at all."

Up to this moment Jackstraw had not uttered a word in his own defense.

It seemed as though the time had come for him to speak, and he suddenly sprang from between Carl and Roger and turned upon the Indians.

"Jackstraw did shoot the man yonder," he exclaimed, covering Turner with his finger. "That man belongs to the Dirty Dozen and was one who burned Jackstraw's cabin in the woods. But that is not all. He has helped to make me the companion of the bears and wolves of the forest and I have nowhere to lay my head at night. I shot the man and I regret that he lives to face me."

"I'll make sure of the little rat now!" cried the enraged Turner, moving forward.

"Not while we can interfere," answered Roger Roderick, as he deliberately cocked his piece and presented it at the maddened man.

"You hear that?" cried Turner, wheeling upon his friends. "So long as we put up with the insolence of such young rats we will have no peace in these parts."

Menaced by the rifles of the two determined youths the crowd that backed the desperado held aloof.

"Must the white men war on children?" asked the Sioux chief, contemptuously. "Shame on them. Let them sneak into the woods and hunt the squirrels that bark in the trees."

Turner swallowed his rage and muttered something to his companions, who suddenly clamored for the shooting match to proceed.

The following hour the whole trouble seemed settled, though there were lowering looks and whispered threats, and in a little while the rifles of the westerners rang out again and the thrilling scene was apparently forgotten.

It was not until near nightfall that the shooting match at Tumble-in came to an end.

Carl did not shoot again after winning the prize from his giant rival and Roger had secured a pair of fat turkeys, one of which he presented to Miss Shanks, who received it graciously.

The Shanks team was turned towards Crying Wing river as the long shadows of the afternoon were falling from the western hills.

"I fancy you've made some enemies," said Shanks to our young trappers as the team moved along.

"We had them before for that matter," was the reply. "If Sim Turner belongs to the Dirty Dozen, as I have every reason to believe he does, we had him for a foe before the shooting match. Of course he will try to get even with Jackstraw and I cautioned the poor boy before he went away to be on his guard."

"Now I would advise Mr. Turner, shrewd as he is, to let bygones be bygones," remarked Shanks. "I've no doubt Jackstraw could have finished him when he shot, but he only wanted to [illegible] know that he wasn't going to be imposed upon."

"I half believe that myself," said Roger, "from what Jackstraw said as we parted. He said he often winged a bird before he killed it."

"No doubt he does," and with this the old wagoner gave the team the whip and urged it on a little faster.

As the vehicle was descending a gulch not far from the main road, following river, a loud voice commanded a halt and instantly the jaded horses pricked up their ears and stopped.

The women in the wagon gave vent to little screams and Miss Shanks' cry rose among the hay, covering her face with her apron.

"Here's where they held up the mail carrier last summer," said Shanks.

At this moment a man whose face was half hidden by a mask stepped into view. He carried a rifle in the hollow of his arm and covering the party he ordered the wagon with a pair of glaring eyes.

"What's wanting?" asked Shanks, as he grew pale and looked at the man in the dusk.

"I want two of you, that's all," was the reply. "No, I won't say that I want the persons of the two," referred to. I only ask for their weapons."

At this Carl and Roger cocked their rifles and looked at the cool villain, who spoke with all the emphasis of a regular road agent.

"Throw out your guns!" he continued. "I mean the two young scamps in the wagon.'

"That means us, Carl," said Roger. "It's our first holdup."

"Come, don't be slow about it," the man went on. "I'm not alone, as you might see if you use your eyes. I'm backed by some of the best men in Minnesota."

By this time the occupants of the wagon had perceived more than one shadowy form behind the masked man.

"I'll count three," he went on, as cool as ever. "If you don't give up your guns we'll riddle the wagon, occupants and all."

"Throw 'em out for mercy's sake," said Shanks.

"Turn your horses and run for it," replied Carl. "We'll keep the rascals off. There's a by-road near and it will take you to the South Fork just as well as the road you're on now."

"But we'll all be killed if we run away."

"You'll be dead if we don't knuckle under to these villains," answered Carl. "Here,"

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his voice dropped to a whisper. "Give me the lines."

He jerked the leathers from the old man's hands.

"Watch the road agent, Roger," he continued. "I'm going to run for it, hit or miss."

With these determined words the cool-headed boy jerked the horses half way round, and as they swayed he struck out with the whip, laying it on with all his might.

In another second the team was howling along the wall of the gulch with Carl standing upright and plying the whip.

"Don't spare the horses!" cried out old Shanks. "If we git away with whole skins I'll reward ye."

Several shots rang out on the gloaming and the bullets whistled near the heads of the fugitives. One of the missiles splintered the wagon bed, drawing a scream from

"My tribe's wigwams."

Mandy, and helping to accelerate the speed of the now terrified team.

It was evident that the road agents were not mounted, else they would have been found in the rear of the bounding wagon. The wild race for safety was kept up for three miles.

"I guess we're out of harm's hands now," said Carl, as the horses slowed up and he relinquished the lines. "You know the way home from here?"

"Yes."

"Well, here's the ribbons," and Carl and Roger prepared to leap to the ground.

"I say, young fellow, you'll be caught up by the rascals for this work," said the old man.

"If you should see the road agents tell them that we will be found at home any time they call."

"This whole scheme was hatched at the shooting match."

"There's no doubt of it."

"The man with the mask looked for all the world like Sim Turner. He had Sim's figger—"

"He might have been Captain Selkirk himself."

"Praps. Wal, take keer o' yerselves," called out the old woman as the wagon moved on again.

"We'll see you again," cried Roger. "Much obliged for the ride."

"Look out for Sim Turner, boys," said Miss Mandy Shanks. "I'll tell Job how you got on," she mused.

Carl and Roger turned toward their cabin and before they were once more beneath its protecting roof. What the next few hours would bring forth they could but conjecture, but that they would again meet the men who were now their bitter enemies they did not doubt.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE BLACK FOX.

For some time, or ever since their arrival in the wilderness of Minnesota, the two young trappers had been trying to secure a black fox which seemed to have visited that particular region, where he was really out of his habitat.

Time and again they had set their traps for him, using the most tempting bait, but the shrewd old fellow seemed to suspect their cunning and the traps had not yielded the coveted prize.

Since the pelt of this particular fox is worth $700 the reader can imagine the eagerness and patience with which Carl and Roger hunted old Reynard with the black pelt.

"We'll get him yet," Carl was wont to exclaim whenever he returned from the trap line without the prize. "He may escape us for a while, but in the end we'll stretch his hide on the cabin wall and rasp a fine harvest."

"I doubt if we ever get him," Roger had replied more than once. He is a stranger in these parts and perhaps has already left for parts unknown."

One morning Carl came back from the nearest trap line with a gleam in his eye.

"The black fox is still with us!" he exclaimed. "I saw the same peculiar trail which he made down in the big hollow. He was quite near us last night."

Roger's excitement rose immediately.

"I'll make the deadfall I've long been talking about," continued Carl. "We must catch the old fellow."

All that day Carl was in the woods fashioning the deadfall by which he expected to outwit the black fox. Fertile at invention, the boy had ideas of his own, and while he worked Roger remained at the cabin doing certain chores which demanded his attention there.

Carl, very much pleased with his work, came back at night saying that the deadfall had been set and baited. He was in high glee, saying that if the black fox ventured in the neighborhood of the deadly trap he would yield up his life.

"I'm not counting my chickens before they're hatched," observed Carl, as he sat down to the tempting supper Roger had prepared. "But I consider that fox as good as caught."

Roger laughed tantalizingly and turned the conversation.

"It's rather strange that we haven't been visited by Jackstraw since the shooting match," said he.

"The boy may have drifted to other parts, for friends are dangerous to him."

"You mean from Sim Turner and his gang?"

"Yes. The Dirty Dozen will take vengeance for that shot at Tumble-In."

"That's to be expected, but Jackstraw glowed no fear then, and I don't believe he can be driven out of the neighborhood by such a lot of precious rascals."

"They're too much for Jackstraw, however brave he is," replied Carl. "We'll always befriend the poor waif, for he has a good heart in his bosom and I should very much sorrow to hear he had fallen a victim to the meanness of such a gang of rapscallions."

Early the next morning Carl set out to visit the deadfall.

When he reached a certain spot he threw his gaze forward and uttered a cry.

Something was in the trap.

Bounding on the spot he almost lost his breath as his heart seemed to leap into his throat, for under the deadfall lay the prize of the wilderness—the famous black fox.

Carl thought of calling for Roger, but remembering that the cabin was not within calling distance, he refrained and set to work to relieve the trap of its victim.

What a large, handsome fellow the old black was. The boy gave vent to more than one self-congratulation as he lifted the carcass and stroked the sleek black pelt in the soft rays of the morning sun. Such a prize seldom falls to the glory of the northern hunter.

In another moment the young trapper had turned northward with the fox on his shoulder.

"It's worth all the season's hunting," he exclaimed. "We won't catch another black fox in years of trapping, and this old fellow must have thought that since I worked so hard on my deadfall he could do nothing more than reward me."

"What ye got there?" suddenly rang out a voice, at sound of which Carl stopped as suddenly as if a bullet had whistled past his ears.

Instead of letting his burden fall to the ground he grasped it with more firmness than before and looked in the direction from which the voice had come.

At first he saw no one, but the next moment the speaker came in sight and the young trapper took a long breath.

He did not look like a formidable person, for he was a little old man who leaned against a tree while he patted the ground with a nervous foot.

"Got the old black, eh?" continued the man as he came forward.

Carl held his trophy triumphantly forward. The man eyed it with curiosity and seized the fox a long breath.

"I've been trying for the old rascal myself. Don't you know I've tracked him from the far north and now you've got him."

"All's fair in trapping, I guess."

"Sartainly," replied the man with a smile. "I don't dispute your claim, boy."

"Ain't he a beauty?"

"Yes, and he's worth a fortune in the fur market; but see here, boy, you don't want to let on that you've caught him."

"You mean that if the secret got out we'd have visitors?"

"That's just what I mean. It's really dangerous to have a black fox pelt in your possession in these parts. You'd have the whole community here in less than six hours. It's dangerous, I say."

"But you'll not tell it?"

"Me? I guess not. I'm sorry, of course, I didn't catch the old black myself, but I'll not betray you. I say, ain't you the boy that outshot Sim Turner at the Tumble-In shooting match?"

Carl acknowledged that he was.

"I thought so. And you haven't heard from Sim since?"

"I haven't seen him since that day."

"Well, they're hatching up a little game," continued the man, who seemed honest. "You don't get the best o' the Dirty Dozen and keep it very long."

"Who are you, if I may be so bold as to become inquisitive?"

"What don't you know me?" laughed the man, suddenly straightening up. "You might call me Aaron Wilhide."

"Wilhide, the Government detective!" exclaimed Carl, and the black fox nearly fell from his grasp.

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President F. O. LINDQUIST, Canada Mills Co., 552 Wool Street, GREENVILLE, MICH.

Wilhide thus suddenly revealed, continued in confidential tones:

"That was a bold run for liberty you made with the team. I heard all about it. The fellows who attempted to hold you up were of the Dirty Dozen."

"I've thought so all the time."

"They've been crestfallen ever since over their failure to get you boys at that time. I've overheard some of their plans since. Captain Selkirk, of course, is at the bottom of the whole mess, and if you escape his clutches you'll deserve a chromo."

"We shall endeavor to meet whatever comes," said Carl, fearlessly. "I thank you for your information, Mr. Wilhide. With this black pelt we might be content to leave these parts, but we shall remain some time longer."

"I am getting a little nearer my quarry," said the detective. "The trail is getting hotter all the time. I ran across one Jehu Potts last night. He's a wily old rascal, but I got something out of him."

"Good!" exclaimed Carl.

"I don't think I'll be around in this neighborhood much longer," resumed Wilhide. "I want to clean up my business as soon as possible for it's a ticklish venture."

"I can well believe that."

"Take care of the fox skin," he smiled to Carl. "If the Dirty Dozen discover that you have trapped the old fellow you won't have a moment's peace."

With this they separated and Carl unconsciously fell to watching Aaron Wilhide till he disappeared among the shadows of the wood.

Roger uttered a cry of joy when Carl threw at his feet the carcass of the black fox.

Such a triumph had not entered Roger's mind and he could hardly express his pleasure.

"So Wilhide is still in these parts?" he said, turning to Carl's story of his encounter with the detective.

"Yes, and what is more, he has hopes from what he said of successfully terminating his man-hunt in these parts."

"I hope he may. There's ten thousand dollars at the end of the trail."

The pelt of the black fox was carefully stripped off and treated by the best methods.

Night came.

The young trappers did not retire early. The presence of the precious pelt was enough to keep them awake.

About midnight a storm began to howl through the almost leafless woods and the boys heard the great trees cracking before the fury of the gale.

"What was that?" suddenly cried Carl, during a brief lull in the tempest.

As he spoke he moved across the floor of the cabin and halted at the door.

At the same time Roger snatched up his rifle and followed his companion.

For a moment no sound was heard. Then they became aware of a noise like the scratching of paws on the door and the next moment were looking into one another's faces in the dim light of the fire that glowed on the hearth.

As suddenly as the sound had assailed their ears it died away.

The night wore on. When morning came the track of the storm was plainly visible. Great trees had gone down before the storm fiend and a swath had been cut through the forest as if some demon had been there.

The boys opened the cabin door and ventured out.

All at once Roger Roderick uttered a startling cry.

"It's another warning, I suppose!" he exclaimed, as he sprang towards the cabin and snatched a fluttering bit of paper from one of the logs.

"See!" he went on, holding the sheet towards Carl. "It's two hearts pierced by as many knives!" and the boys gazed at the terrible warning in dead silence.

CHAPTER IX.

COMING OF THE WOLVES.

It was evident from the warning on the cabin that events were to follow fast and furious.

For several days Carl and Roger were on the eager watch and at night they took turns on guard. There was no telling when the Dirty Dozen would appear to carry out their threat and wreak vengeance on the young trappers of the wilderness.

Their forced seclusion was damaging to their trap-line and at last they determined to put out more snares for the fur-bearing denizens of forest and stream.

Roger took out the traps, as usual, after a week's delay and Carl remained behind. Roger was admonished to be on his guard and Carl waited impatiently for his reappearance, as he promise he should.

As Roger turned towards home he was startled by a slight noise, and upon looking in the direction from which it came he was astonished to behold his old acquaintance Jehu Potts.

"That rascal is still at large," thought the youth. "Perhaps he has been watching me."

Thereupon he stepped behind a tree and fell to watching Potts, whom he supposed had not seen him.

Potts pretended to be looking up a tree as if in search of some game which he had chased, but his manners convinced Roger that he was in reality trying to ward suspicion from himself.

Presently, as if he had seen some other game in another direction, the fellow scampered off and in a few moments was out of sight.

"That's a strange move," said the boy to himself. "Mr. Potts was up to mischief of some sort. He'll bear watching at any rate."

With this he resumed his homeward tramp and as the sun dropped behind the hills of the forest he reached the cabin.

To his surprise Carl did not come out to meet him.

With misgivings which he could not suppress, Roger flung wide the door and sprang across the threshold.

The next instant a startling cry welled from his throat.

The cabin was empty!

Not only this, but things lay scattered about the floor and the table had been overturned.

Roger stood spellbound at sight of such confusion.

"Carl! Carl!" he called, despite the fact that he expected no answer; but of course there was no response but the echo of his voice.

Suddenly the boy thought of the black fox pelt which had been carefully packed away.

"Horrors! they've robbed us as well!" he cried, for upon lifting the lid of the secret chest he discovered that the precious fur was missing.

Almost beside himself with dismay, the boy flung himself across the little cot which occupied one corner of the room and gave way to his feelings.

That Carl had been visited by the Dirty Dozen he did not doubt.

The rascals had swooped upon the cabin during the day and carried off his friend and chum.

He, Roger, was alone in the Minnesota wilderness.

It is not surprising that the boy seemed paralyzed by the terrible blow.

Some time passed before he could muster his thoughts with any degree of calmness.

Of course the first thought was of vengeance.

As he turned toward the door, rifle in hand, it was thrown open, and, to his astonishment, he came face to face with Bluebird, the Sioux maiden.

"Ah!" exclaimed Roger at sight of the girl, "you come to me in a dark hour, Bluebird."

"What makes my white brother look so white, so pale?" asked the chief's daughter.

"It is because I am alone in the wilderness."

"Where is the other one?"

Almost unable to reply, Roger waved his hand towards the confusion of things in the cabin and the eyes of the girl seemed to get new light.

"Have the wolves come?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, the human wolves—the Dirty Dozen"—was the reply.

Bluebird advanced and leaned against the wall of the cabin as she contemplated the scene about her.

"Tell Bluebird," she said, looking at Roger.

"It is a short story," was the answer. "I came back from the trap-line and found things as you see them. I left Carl here in good spirits, but he is gone. He must have fought the enemy, for everything was in good condition when I went away."

"White boy fight hard, as Bluebird can see," said the girl.

Roger did not reply.

"Did the wolves take anything but the white boy?"

"They carried off the black fox pelt."

At these words the Sioux girl sprang forward and clutched Roger's arm.

"What!" she cried, "did the white boys catch the black fox?"

"Carl caught it."

"And the wolves took it away?"

"It is not in the secret place," said Roger. "We put it carefully away on account of its great value, but it is gone with Carl."

For almost five minutes Bluebird stood in silence against the wall watching Roger and taking in the scene of robbery and vandalism that greeted her eyes.

"My white brother has never been to the village of my people?" she suddenly exclaimed.

"No."

"He has never seen the Sioux nation where the wigwams stand?"

"We have never had business in that direction," said Roger, wondering why the girl had asked such questions.

"Then let him follow Bluebird."

Roger drew back at the thought.

"I must first find Carl," said he with determination. "I can think of nothing else but the swoop of the night-hawks. When I have rescued my friend, if he is living, I will visit the homes of your people."

"White boy must come now. Bluebird will tell his story to Owasso, the best red trailer of the forest. He can find trails where the others see nothing. Come, white boy."

She took Roger by the hand and looked imploringly into his eyes.

"This is a new venture," thought the young trapper to himself. "I might find friends in the Sioux village, but I would rescue Carl without help."

Upon second thought he sat down and wrote a letter, which he placed on the table after writing it. It was addressed to Carl in case the missing boy came back.

"Now I am ready," he said to Bluebird, whose deep eyes glowed with satisfaction.

He closed the door of the cabin and went away with the girl. It was a strange experience, but what else could he have done?

The feet of the beautiful Sioux maid were swift and true. She seemed to know the trails of the forest after dark as well as during the day. She led Roger down the bank of the river to a certain spot, where she drew a canoe from among some rushes and motioned to him to enter, which he did.

"Where is the village of your people?" he ventured to ask.

"It is many steps away," was the reply. "The white boy shall see the warriors of the Sioux, though they are now at peace with the white men."

For two hours, under the beams of a crescent that hung gloriously in the sky, the girl plied the oars and the lithe bark shot down stream, past some of the trapping ground which Roger recognized.

At last Bluebird ran the canoe to the bank and sprang out with the agility of an acrobat.

Roger followed her example and in a short time they had ascended a bank, which brought into view a lot of tepees.

"My tribe's wigwams," said the girl with a wave of her hand. "The white boy is in the home of the Sioux."

She guided him on till he stood in the very center of the clustered tepees.

Suddenly a singular cry rose from the red girl's throat. The next instant several Indians came running from the bark houses and halted before her.

"Look!" cried Bluebird, "the white boy of the forest has come to the homes of the Sioux."

"What brings him hither?" asked a young warrior, who looked into the girl's face.

"The sneaking wolves of the wilderness

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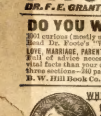

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have struck when he was not at home. They have carried off his friend and brother. He is here for revenge.

The Indians gathered around Roger and immediately filled him with questions, which he but imperfectly understood.

Bluebird interpreted to the best of her ability and at last the red men understood. A dozen yells aroused the whole village. Men issued from every tepee. They were armed with all sorts of weapons, and as they gathered around the chief in council they laid great stress on every word that fell from the young girl's lips.

All at once there moved toward the group in the moonlight a figure that riveted his gaze.

The girl moved quickly to Roger's side and whispered:

"It is the White Sioux—it is Okano."

Something about the newcomer attracted the youth's attention at once.

That the man was not an Indian, though clad like one, he believed from the first look.

The red men made way for him and in a moment Okano, the chief, at whom he looked with unnatural fierceness.

Bluebird did not drop Roger's hand.

"Bluebird did not know that Okano was here," she said once more in low tones. "He came and gave us the alarm, though a bad man, is Okano, the White Sioux."

As suddenly as he had appeared to the group, the handsome Okano turned on his heel and tramped haughtily off.

One by one the Indians followed him till he and Bluebird were left alone.

"What means this strange action?" queried Roger, "the White Sioux evidently does not like me."

"He likes none of his race," was the reply. "But let not the white boy fear. The Sioux, who are Bluebird's people, will not let the White Indian be harmed.

"I will go back," cried Roger. "This is not the trail to Cuba. I will find him without the help of anyone."

And feel the teeth of the white wolves of the forest!" cried Bluebird. "Without the help of the Sioux the white trapper will be missing forever."

Roger did not reply, but his heart seemed to sink within him.

(Continued next week.)

Grace Lanyon's Betrayal.

(Continued from page three.)

and through.

"Scott!" spoke the prince turning toward one corner of the room.

Grace followed his glance. She was immediately aware of a figure that seemed before an easel a figure that would naturally attract any woman's notice. It was that of a boyish-faced young man, much younger than Zimene. As he arose, his form showed exquisitely molded and graceful. His features, while far from effeminate, were finely chiseled as those of Apollo, and his dark eyes were great wells of sunshiny light that went straight to the heart. There was an open, kindly smile on the face, which was the extreme.

This was the young musician and artist whom Vassar had described to Grace. She felt attracted toward him at once. There was something about him in great harmony with the impression conveyed at a sight of Eva Dare. Both were young, and hence as would innocent children, too gentle and frail to brave alone the storms of the unfriendly world.

Zimene made a slight gesture of his hands, and the young man laid down his brush, way into a second and smaller room. He led Grace to the door, and the others seated themselves near her.

"Where is Joseva?" inquired Vassar.

He had not yet returned," said Zimene. Vassar shook his head slowly and seriously.

"I do not like his continued absence," he said. "He has now been gone over twenty-four hours. In a strange country, like this city, he should not have ventured forth alone."

"You need have no fears concerning Joseva," assured the prince, with some pride. "He is equal to any foe. He has evaded the traps of our most adroit enemies in our native wilds."

"That may be true," said Vassar, "but there are dangerous pitfalls in the city his inexperience cannot cope with. He carries a large sum of money about him. I shall feel glad to have him back in accordance."

"In the meantime, our affair?" suggested Zimene.

"I have a trace of our man," said Vassar.

The prince gave a great start, his eyes glowed, while his cheeks paled. Basil, regarded Vassar with the keenest attention and interest.

"You have discovered Cardona!" exclaimed Zimene.

"I hope so; I think so. I shall know positively by tomorrow. If it is really our man, we will have no mean foe to cope with. The person I have at last located is accordance with your description and directions has money and power.

"Cardona will ever have filched wealth and have power to crush the poor and the weak!" spoke Zimene bitterly. "until the day he falls into our hands, and we check his career forever.

"I believe that hour is near at hand," replied Vassar. "It is not all merely locating the man, however, you must remember that. You are strangers in a strange country. He has the advantage over you there."

"But we can prove him to be a murderer," suggested Basil.

"That is true, but that in your last, your desperate card to play. When you have played it you are practically without a weapon against him, for should he simply refuse to disclose the whereabouts of the stolen crown of Arvilla, all trace would be gone for naught."

"Yes," nodded Zimene with a sigh, "it see clearly that great artifice and caution must be employed to work out the information we desire. If he is rich, as you say, our money offers would have little effect on him. You have a plan, Vassar?"

"Yes," assented the old man. "First, manage to get this Cardona into your presence by force or guile. Then to try to bribe him, threaten him with exposure for the murder of the four Americans. As an international crime, the fact that Partello is here to give evidence may impress him."

"And if all that fails, if he defies us?"

"Then I have another plan," said Vassar. "It will require the deepest cunning, the most tireless patience to decoy, to entrap this king of schemers. Miss Lanyon," and the old man turned to Grace, "you have given your world's experience with us."

"I have," answered Grace, but flushing deeply for the penetrating glance of the prince and the intent and interested one of Basil were upon her.

"I think I know my man, Cardona," resumed Vassar. "According to the portrait of him which Basil has painted from memory, I am sure that I have found Cardona. We shall know that very soon. Tonight Basil must go forth, and his recognition of the man will settle the question. Then the first move in the game—"

"And Miss Lanyon?" inquired Zimene, curiously but courteously.

"She is beautiful!"

"Yes."

Grace blushed deeply.

"She is our friend. As if she were my own daughter, do I swear that she shall be kept from all peril, but to entrap the man, Cardona, she must enter heart and soul into our plans. Miss Lanyon, you will not shrink from the ordeal?"

"What am I to do?" inquired Grace timidly.

"I will tell you," responded Vassar. "All else failing, it may be necessary to gain the confidence of this man through you. It may be in the realms of society, it may be in the servant's hall, as I arrange, as circumstances enforce, but you must meet this man, must gain his confidence, must learn his secret, must deliver him into our hands."

Grace shrank in dismay. She was speechless from consternation. Her gentle nature was repugnant to the course suggested. It made her think of a detective book she had read, of exciting pips she had witnessed.

"Do not be alarmed," spoke Vassar, with a reassuring smile. "Your cooperation may not be required, but if it is, it will be a step at a time. What appears formidable to you, looking to it as a whole, will not terrify you when it has become naturally, and you find me always near you to protect you if the results do not come about as we anticipate."

It was a strange, serious situation for a guileless girl. Then Grace thought of Eva, of all the kindness of their old protector. She placed her hand confidingly in that of Vassar, and spoke clearly, definitely:

"I have given you my word," she said simply, "I will not draw back."

"I knew it," said Vassar, approvingly. "Come," and he arose to his feet, still holding her hand. "The first step is to familiarize you with the features of the man whom you are to help us to hunt down."

Grace allowed the old man to lead her to a corner of the room, where a large easel stood, and tilted against the wall, was a picture covered with a drapery.

"Basil," spoke Zimene, with a wave of his hand.

"She is to see the picture, yes," assented Basil, nimbly gliding to the side of the stand.

Grace understood that the portrait must be the work of the young artist. As Basil drew the drapery aside, Vassar whispered in her ear in an intense tone:

"The man whose secrets you must learn is Cardona, the exile Shirley Moore!"

A full-sized portrait was revealed. It flashed upon the astonished vision of Grace Lanyon as startlingly as if the original had stepped from the canvas.

Grace Lanyon uttered a wild shriek. She shrank back as though some one had dealt her a blow. Her white, trembling hands went up to shield her sight, she swayed as if her senses were deserting her.

The portrait before her that froze her soul with mystery and horror, was the picture of—Shirley Moore!

(Continued next week.)

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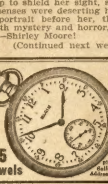

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FOR

YOUTHFUL EYES

Walkers and Hoppers.

Does it not seem strange that, although we cannot fly like the birds, no matter how much we try, some birds can walk like human beings?

Watch your pigeons, or a quail, a lark or blackbird or snipe walk or run proudly and quickly along the ground. Don't you suppose they think us stupid not to be able to do both? And how sorry they must be for their cousins, the woodpecker, thrushes, sparrows and warblers, who can only hop?

Of all the awkward walkers among birds, the graceful swallow is the worst. Perhaps he realizes it himself, for he seldom uses his feet at all. Watch him and see.

Seeing a Ghost.

In Hamburg, Germany, a boy 15 years old ran through the streets at midnight crying out that he had seen a ghost in his bedroom. Considerable excitement was kicked up and the lad was arrested and locked up. Upon being arraigned in court the judge gave him a severe lecture on seeing ghosts and fined him $2. The father had to pay the fine, but he gave the son a $2 licking.

Met His Waterloo.

Jimmy—Petey went around telling everybody he met dat he had de toothache and dey would give him a penny.

Billy—What made him quit?

Jimmy—Why, de last man he tackled was a dentist and instead of giving him a penny he pulled de tooth out.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL HEARD.

I just run away to the buttercup lot,
When mamma told me I'd better not,
And a little brown birdie, up in a tree,
As true as you live, kept a-saying to me,
"Naugh-tee May! ran away!"
Till I didn't know what to do.
Now, how do you s'pose he knew?

And once when we went to the meadow brook,
Josie and me, with a fishing hook,
And the very same birdie sang again,
"Naugh-tee May! ran away!"
And Josie she heard him, too.
Now, how do you s'pose he knew?

Josie she guessed what I heard
Was my own conscience, 'stead of a bird;
But the water looked so scowly and black,
We took hold of hands and ran right back,
And all the way we heard her say,
"That is the best thing to do,"
And mamma, she said so, too.

History of Aprons.

When little girls wear aprons nowadays they never give a thought to how ornamental they originally were, but they put them on because mamma or nurse wishes to protect their pretty clothes. But when there is company in the parlor and mamma sends for them, the aprons are laid aside, and there they are in their nice fresh dresses, unhurt by their romping.

Long ago, however, when their great-grandmothers were young, aprons were considered articles of clothing in style. No lady's wardrobe was complete without a goodly supply of aprons; they were made by the dozens in every style and design; gold and silver brocade aprons wrought with gold; "minuet" aprons, worn in that good old-fashioned dance, and coquettishly tucked with bows and lace to suit the fancy of the wearer, and there were gauze aprons and lawn-embroidered aprons, and aprons were given and patterns sold for embroidering them.

There is no telling how long ago aprons came into fashion. They doubtless were among the many things which came from Egypt with the Mayflower. Queen Anne wore them and of course her loyal subjects followed her example and it is probable the early colonial dames put them to sterner use in the pioneer days.

If some ambitious person undertook to hunt up and describe the various styles of aprons, he would find his work as difficult as the compiling of a dictionary.

They have been worn in so many uses requiring variety in size and shape that volumes might be written about them. Women and children alike wear them even now, but the days of apron ornament are over—the apron fashion is no more.

Wild Ostrich Feathers.

Ostrich feathers, the wearing of which is sanctioned by the Audubon association, are supplied in large quantities by Tripoli-in-Barbary, being brought overland from central Africa, by caravans, and from there sent to England and France and then to the United States.

The feathers are first sent in by the Arabs in unassorted packages, which contain various quantities of each kind, but as the dealers of Tripoli are experts they buy advantageously of these mixed packages. The feathers are then washed and sorted, but are neither curled nor dyed before they are shipped to Europe. The process of cleaning seems like rough usage for so delicate an article as a feather, according to vogue, it consists of a bath in soapy water and a vigorous beating while still wet. A handful are taken by the stem and slapped against the floor with great force to bring out the curl, which are the small feathers extending from the barbs so as to give the plumes a fuller and richer appearance.

A good ostrich plume will have two or three hundred feathers and should have no transverse cuts along the vane. The finest feathers by far are taken from wild birds in the Wadai and Darfur districts.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Mrs. Neighbors—Some one said your little baby brother was sick. What is the matter with him?

Small Sadie—Oh, nuthin' much, I guess. He's just hatchin' some teeth.

"What shall we name baby sister, dear?" asked mother of little 4-year-old daughter.

"Call her Barly, mamma," replied the little miss, "then when she gets bigger she'll be the May Queen."

Little Fred had been kept after school for talking out loud.

"But why did you do it, Fred?" queried his mother.

"Why, I just had to, mamma," he explained. "Teacher said I mustn't whisper, and I didn't."

Mamma—Johnny, you bad boy, you've been fighting again! Your clothes are so badly torn that I'll probably have to get you a new suit.

Johnny—That's nothing, mamma. You just ought to see Tommy Jones; I'll bet his mamma will have to get a new boy.

Calf-Love.

An Ohio farmer owned a calf that fell dead in love with a goose, and for a time all went well. Then a gander came along and wooed the goose and led her away, and the calf felt so upset over it that he died of a broken heart. The goose certainly deserved to be stuffed and baked for being so cruel.

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If your eyes tire easily and are dull and inflamed you need a good eye wash. Get from your druggist one ounce of crystos and dissolve it in a pint of water. One or two drops of this in each eye every day is all that is required to strengthen your eyes and make them bright and sparkling. This tonic will not smart or burn and is a great aid to those who wear glasses. It makes the eyes appear brilliant and full of expression, and is used by several actresses admired for their beautiful eyes.—Sent in by Florence Holbrook, LaSalle, Ill.

To make a good system tonic at home, get from your druggist one ounce of sarsaparilla compound, in 4 half-pints alcohol, add one-half teaspoonful of sugar and enough boiling water to make a full quart of tonic. Take a tablespoonful before each meal and before retiring. It will tone up your system, purify and enrich your blood, invigorate you liver, give you appetite and do away with that tired feeling. It is fine for clearing a sallow complexion and removing liver blotches, pimples and other symptoms of blood out of order.—Mrs. D. W. Hopper, Ft. Worth, Tex.

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